Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 21, 1953 / 20¢

A SPECIAL SECTION

SR / REPORTS TO AMERICA

INDUSTRY AND THE LIBERAL ARTS

André Malraux, author of "The Voices of Silence." (See page 17)

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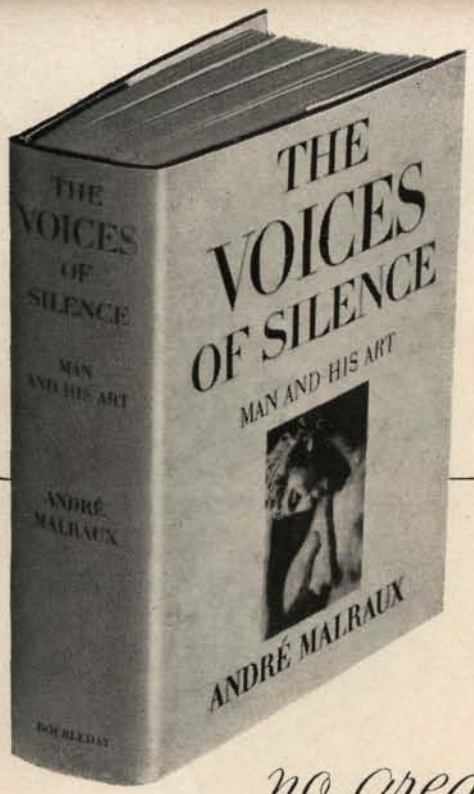

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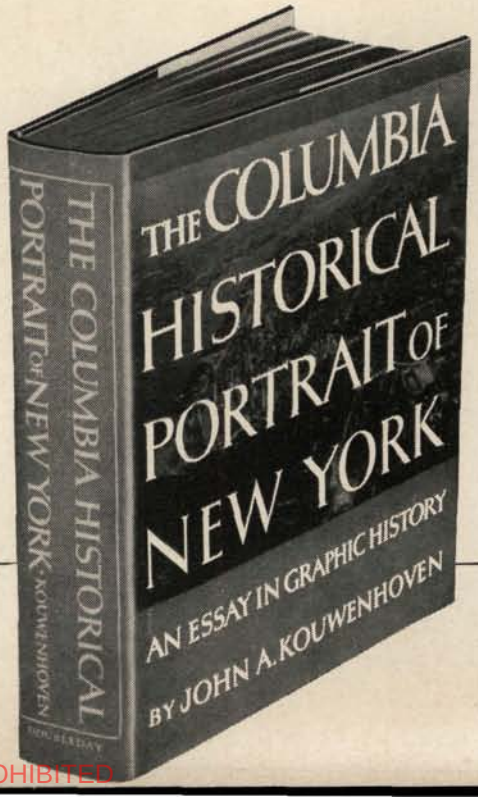

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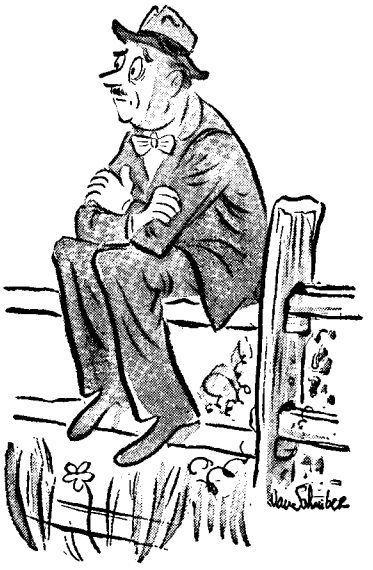

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NOVEMBER 21, 1953

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SR's Library Poll

THE power of an established author to draw both old (and loyal) and new (and curious) readers to his books without any great fanfare of promotion was demonstrated in *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll this week. André Maurois' distinguished biography of George Sand, "Lélia," rose to the top of the list of titles currently in greatest demand at representative public libraries from coast to coast. Yet it was published recently with a minimum of publicity handsprings.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **The Unconquered**
   by Ben Ames Williams (F)
5. **Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female**
   by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
6. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)
7. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
8. **Désirée**
   by Annemarie Selinko (F)
9. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
10. **Beyond This Place**
    by A. J. Cronin (F)
11. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
12. **The Robe**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
13. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
14. **Come, My Beloved**
    by Pearl Buck (F)
15. **Period Piece**
    by Gwen Raverat (G)
16. **The Lady of Arlington**
    by Harnett T. Kane (F)
17. **Call Me Lucky**
    by Bing Crosby (G)
18. **Horn of the Hunter**
    by Robert C. Ruark (G)
19. **Gone with the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)
20. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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"To understand people is to love them"

—GEORGES SIMENON

André Gide once described Georges Simenon as "perhaps the greatest and most truly novelistic novelist in French literature today."

The American audience for Simenon's novels in paper-bound editions has confirmed Gide's judgment with overwhelming enthusiasm. In two years, more than two million copies of Simenon's psychological novels have been distributed to 100,000 bookstores and newsstands. You can now own, in convenient 25¢ Signet editions, ACT OF PASSION, THE GIRL IN HIS PAST, THE HEART OF A MAN, I TAKE THIS WOMAN and THE SNOW WAS BLACK. Next week, The New American Library adds FOUR DAYS IN A LIFETIME to this impressive list of Simenon novels already available in Signet editions.

How can one explain the phenomenal appeal of this brilliant writer? We think the answer lies in Simenon's own credo—*"To understand people is to love them."* In his extraordinary ability to illuminate the aspirations and conflicts of men and women in a complex world—and to tell their stories with clarity and compassion — Simenon achieves the genuine communication between writer and reader that marks the true artist.

Commenting on ACT OF PASSION recently, in a *New Yorker* review, Maeve Brennan wrote, *"It would be useless to try to describe the disturbing quality of Simenon's work, because his writing changes color and meaning according to the heart, the memory, the age, and the sex of the person who is reading . . . but there can hardly be anyone who will deny its strength."*

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TRADE Winds

FOR STUDENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY and geography, and people like myself who enjoy nothing better than to wander about all the forty-eight varied states, two outstanding new publications of the fall season are the stunning new "Collier's" World Atlas and Gazeteer (Rand McNally, $17.50) and "The Journal of Lewis and Clark," edited by Bernard DeVoto (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50). To me the most fascinating figure in the Lewis and Clark saga is the Indian lass Sacajewea, who was in large measure responsible for the success of the expedition. For a few thousand choice words on this subject consult heap big beautiful squaw lady, Nancy Wilson Ross, in her tepee at Old Westbury, Long Island.

THERE WAS A TIME A FEW years back when so many volumes trumpeted the glories of the Green Mountain country that one publisher achieved a measure of fame by emblazoning at the top of

his letterheads the slogan, "The Only Publisher in America with No Books About Vermont!" Now, however, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the wisest and loveliest living Vermonter of them all, has given us a book that so obviously is the last word on the subject no one will dare to compete for a decade at least. To quote Orville Prescott, Mrs. Fisher's "Vermont Tradition" (Little, Brown, $4.50) is "as sweet and rich with the special flavor of Vermont as maple sugar, as colorful and heart-warming as a hillside there in early October."

FOR DYED-IN-THE-WOOL NEW YORKERS, the 900 pictures alone in the sumptuous "Columbia Historical Portrait of New York" (distributed by Doubleday at $21.00 with all profits earmarked for the Columbia Bicentennial Commission) are worth twice the price of admission. . . . And Barnard, the distaff side of Columbia (roar, lioness, roar!), contributes "Varied Miscellany," an impressive anthology edited by Amy Loveman (Putnam, $5.00). . . . For that series of highlights of American deeds of derring-do the Landmark Books for teenagers, in which I have more than a passing interest, three obvious best sellers just added are "The Barbary Pirates," by C. S. Forester, "Sam Houston, the Tallest Texan," by William Johnson, and "The Erie Canal," by Samuel Hopkins Adams ($1.50 each).

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD THE ROLLICKING Topper stories are being revived on television, and Doubleday is rushing out new editions of the Thorne Smith stories. The creator of the TV scripts, incidentally, is our own George Oppenheimer, one of the founders of the Viking Press and the only man who got stuck eleven consecutive times for the tab at the Young Publishers' Lunching and Grousing Assembly. (Turn backward, O Time, in your flight: the "youngest" survivor of that Young Publisher's group was mistaken by a nearsighted gentleman the other day for John Bunny!)

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR, WHOSE BOOK "The Second Sex" made so big a stir in America that she was brought over for a lecture tour, kept a diary on the trip that will be published any minute now by Grove Press under the title of "America Day by Day" ($4.00). I have been shown a paragraph she devoted to U. S. publishers and editors, and if the rest of the book is only half as condescending, overstated, and disagreeable, Mme. De Beauvoir may well turn out to be 1953's Author Most Unnecessary to Waste Time Over. Or is this just a thin-skinned publisher's reaction? Judge for yourself:

> Publishers and editors size up your brain in a critical disdainful way, like an impresario asking a dancer to show her legs. They despise at the outset the product they are going to buy as much as the public to whom they will sell it; their job is to create between these two categories of despised humanity—the author and the reader—a contact which will be skilfully converted into dollars for the profit of the publisher. Their very precision in measuring their requirements makes literature a provision in a grocery shop. They say, "I want 2,500 words. We pay so many dollars per 1,500 words." No doubt European editors also count the columns and the lines, but with more subtlety. As for the content, we still recognize that certain values have retained their significance and that the public recognizes them. Here they conceal from the stupidity of the reader the essential worth-

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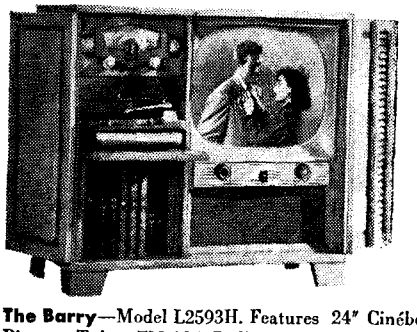

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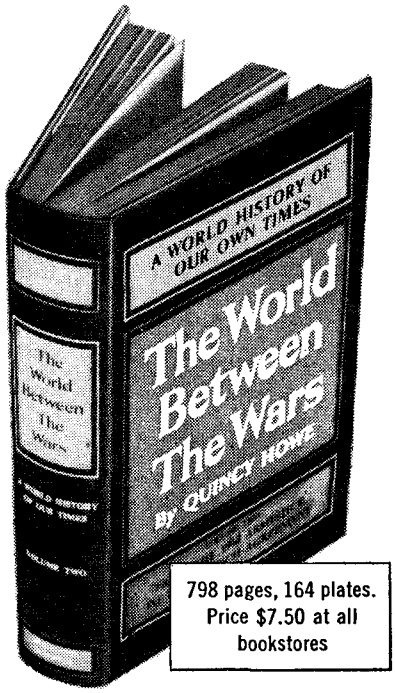

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EVERYONE familiar with Quincy Howe's career," says *The Saturday Review*, "knows that few Americans of his generation are so well fitted to present the history of our times."

Some ten years ago Mr. Howe, whom most Americans know for his brilliant radio analysis of the news, started work on his three-part history of the first half of the 20th century: A WORLD HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

The first volume in the series, subtitled *From the Turn of the Century to the 1918 Armistice*, was magnificently received* on its publication in 1949. The second book is just released. It is called THE WORLD BETWEEN THE WARS: *From the 1918 Armistice to the Munich Agreement*. It is winning resounding praise for its humane and disciplined scholarship, as well as its brilliant literary style.

What the critics say: first tributes to *THE WORLD BETWEEN THE WARS*

☞ **"One of the most important** and enthralling books of the year," says *The New York Times Book Review*. "Recreates popular moods, chronicles influential trends, and makes alive with plentiful anecdotes, the heroes, clowns and villains of the era."

☞ **The Saturday Review:** "Quincy Howe can explain world events honestly, vividly, perspicaciously. In its total effect *The World Between the Wars* is a colossal tragicomedy, interpreted with humane insight, unmarred by cynicism or sentimentality, and infused with pity and terror."

☞ **The New Yorker** calls it "a staggering achievement in organization and presentation."

☞ **More than a chronicle** of the recent past," says *The Washington Post*. "Properly pondered it becomes a guide in the dangerous present and a warning for the future."

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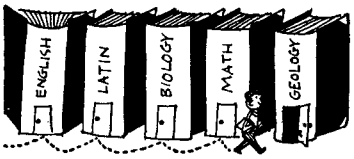
*A few of the tributes to Volume One, [1900-1918]. "Combines the on-the-spot excitement of the journalist and the perspective and insight of the historian,"—*Saturday Review*. ☞ "A truly masterful job,"—EDWARD R. MURROW. ☞ "An exciting book for the general reader. Mr. Howe has the skill and imagination to organize the vast material into a meaningful and interesting narrative."—HANS KOHN, *N. Y. Times*. ☞ "An admirable account of the immediate background of the world we live in."—CRANE BRINTON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. ☞ "Quincy Howe can well be proud of this first volume of his magnum opus. A massive, kaleidoscopic work, set down in simple style, pleasant to read—with many a dash of humor."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*. [695 PAGES. PRICE $7.50 AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S].

lessness of the stuff offered. And this worthlessness, scornfully magnified by those who exploit it, is the order of the day. You are not allowed to take the public into your confidence in the hope that they will take you into theirs. Give them what they ask but they must be surprised at the same time, surprise being a kind of bait that is generally recommended. This gives rise to a dilemma. Suggest for an article, and they will tell you that Americans are not interested; choose a subject with which they are preoccupied, and they will object that it is already platitude. To be really clever, one must invent some little novelty that will captivate ordinary people in their everyday life.

OHIO IS DOTTED WITH FINE little colleges that most New Yorkers never have heard about. Hiram, some forty miles outside of Cleveland, is one of the best of them—beautiful campus, first-rate faculty, 475 dedicated students, and a tradition dating back more than a hundred years. My day there was a thoroughgoing delight, and as is the case every time my schedule lands me at a small-town college I swore again that it was a place like this I'd send my sons when they were old enough—provided, of course, they hadn't made other plans. (In a pinch I always could fall back on Moss Hart's Klobber system!)

One of the arresting features of Hiram College's curriculum is its "single course study plan," and when it was explained to me by such accomplished advocates as Dean Cummings and Professors Peirce and Cannon it certainly made sense. Hiram divides the school year into five parts, and in each of them the student devotes himself exclusively to one subject. At the end of seven weeks, there's a final exam, and then the student moves on to a different subject—and a different professor. Advantages: 1. It teaches a student to concentrate on one thing at a time, and stick to the problem immediately at hand. 2. A professor can't be fobbed off with the traditional "I couldn't do



my assignment for you, Prof, because that ogre in the math department usurped every minute of my time.". 3. It enables the faculty to plan all kinds of toothsome off-campus expeditions. A geology prof, for instance, took his entire class for a four-week camping trip through the Smokies. A German instructor went even further, chaperoning his entranced group over-

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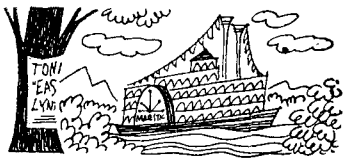
seas to Heidelberg for a fortnight. 4. Not all final exams are crammed together into twice-a-year nightmares for sensitive students. There's one obvious disadvantage, however: imag-



ine being stuck for seven long weeks in a course the student detests (and there's always at least one)!

HIRAM OFFERS ITS STUDENTS one other prime treat every summer: a chance to pick up several hundred dollars by acting or joining the technical staff aboard its showboat, *Majestic*. Plying up and down the Ohio and Monongahela Rivers, the *Majestic* ties up at the wharf of a different town each night and hokes up lurid old ten-twenty-thirty stuff like "East Lynne" and "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" for the local gentry, with a couple of acts of vaudeville thrown in for good measure. Sixty-four-year-old Tom Reynolds owns and navigates the *Majestic*, but every other soul on board is a Hiram undergraduate or faculty advisor. All this is instructive, profitable—and a wonderful vacation to boot.

Hiram's two most famous alumni

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 544

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 544 will be found in the next issue.

PFX FVWFXQP BSRRG RG

NVSPOX VQ PR BRQQXQQ

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 543

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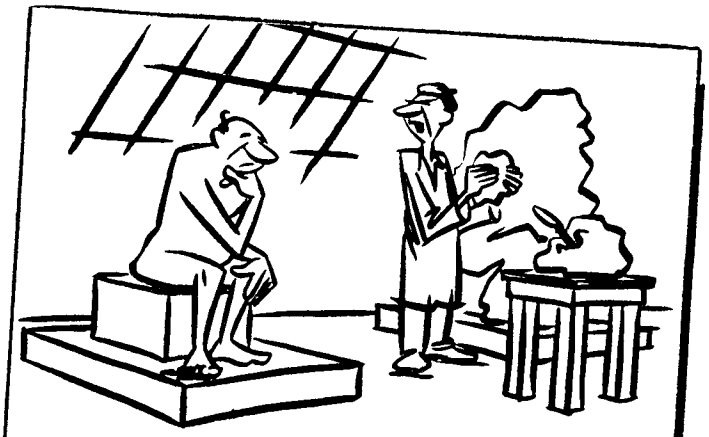

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AN EDITORIAL from The New York Times

September 28, 1953

MEAT AND THE MIDDLEMAN

Few things concern so many Americans every day—and hence are so politically explosive—as the price of meat. Not so long ago the emphasis of this concern lay with the housewife, appalled by the skyrocketing cost of bacon, lamb chops and steaks. Today the emphasis is more at the other extreme, with cattle growers aroused by the more than one-third decline during the past year in the price of choice beef at the farm. It is obviously in response to the pressure from the livestock raisers that Secretary of Agriculture Benson has ordered an investigation to determine whether middlemen's profits are excessive. This newspaper's farm specialist, William M. Blair, reported yesterday that Republican Congressional leaders are hoping that the new investigation will soothe farmers and consumers, though skeptical that any really important results will emerge.

The middlemen—the meat packers in this case—are, of course, the traditionally appointed scapegoats in every period of farm unrest or consumer dissatisfaction. Politicians seeking to divert the wrath of large voting blocs find it convenient to spread the stereotype of the middleman as an unconscionable ogre reaping vast profits at the expense of producers and consumers alike. Farmers, highly conscious of the hard work and great risks they have to take struggling with nature, are sometimes particularly susceptible to the notion that the "heartless corporations" who buy their crops or livestock are oppressing them by artificially lowering prices.

This devil theory of economics completely ignores the reality that between the time a Texas steer is sent to market and the time some of that animal reaches the consumer a great deal of effort has been expended and much risk has been taken. Few industries work with a more perishable product than the meat packers; few have to provide the community with a more varied group of end products from the initial raw material; few have to contend with more complex patterns of changing consumer taste and seasonal fluctuations of supply. And the reward at the end, as measured by the ratio of profits to sales, is often less than one cent out of every dollar taken in.

If an investigation of the meat packers is fairly conducted, it may well have a useful educational effect. The danger is that political pressures will aim at converting such an investigation into a hunt for scapegoats. Fortunately, Secretary Benson's personal record is such as to inspire confidence that he is interested more in facts than in politically useful fictions.

We reprint this editorial because we feel it is in the public interest for the people to have a clear understanding of factors that influence the price of meat. We feel that The New York Times has reported on many of these factors, in the editorial above, in a manner that merits the consideration of every thinking person.

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are Vachel Lindsay and James A. Garfield. The latter was prexy at the college when he was tapped for bigger things by the Republican National Convention in 1881. "Garfield's story points a moral," Merle Dowd, who knows all the Hiramifications, told me. "You're a sucker to leave a beautiful campus like ours. What happened to Garfield when he moved to Washington? He got shot!"

IN BOOK-CONSCIOUS CLEVELAND, serviced by a team of all-Americans like Hutchinson, Klein, Korner, Laukhuff, Levine, Schildhouse, and Udin (it's a wise man who lists competitors alphabetically!), the public library has gotten very much into the act, too, with a fifteen-minute TV show produced by Naomi Sinks every Saturday that is devoted to books and the many services the library has to offer. Tip to librarians in other cities: this is the kind of publicity that spells ultimately higher salaries and appropriations.

IN CLEVELAND, TOO, DAVID DIETZ, famous Scripps-Howard science editor, received an invitation to deliver the annual address at a very exclusive club. He accepted, and added that the subject on which he meant to discourse was "Adventuring through the Universe." When the club's dignified president arose to introduce Mr. Dietz he began to read to the members a list of the speakers at fifteen previous annual meetings, along with the topics they had chosen. The fifth name on the list stopped him cold. "In 1943," he announced, "our speaker was David Dietz, and his subject—dear me!—was 'Adventuring through the Universe'!"

"I'm afraid it's the same old speech," admitted a red-faced David Dietz, "but you'll have to grant this, too: it's the same old universe!"

—BENNETT CERF.

Post Meridian

By Carl Binger

GIVE me bay and honeysuckle and the wild cherry tree.
A green meadow sloping to the marsh and to the sea;
Give me blue water with cat-tails and wallows
And a great blue heron wading in the shallows:
Give me the slanting sun on the sour gum tree
And someone to love all this with me.

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Good News

▶ A great "Adventure in Social Progress" is under way in Kentucky. It is called the Kentucky Bookmobile Project, and began with the realization some months ago by leading Kentuckians that 60 per cent of the people of their state (80 per cent in the rural areas) had no free public library service of any kind. Kentucky, they found, ranked forty-seventh among the forty-eight states, next to the bottom. Thirty-three per cent of her young men who were drafted had to be rejected because of illiteracy.

Looking for something to do about this deplorable state of affairs, they discovered the work of seventy-three-year-old Mary Belknap Gray, through whose devoted efforts six bookmobiles had been placed in operation in Kentucky in the last six years, improving the reading ability of children by as much as 60 per cent. They decided to get behind it full force and evolved a bold plan. They would launch a comprehensive program of social and cultural betterment in Kentucky sponsored by a three-way partnership: citizens and corporations, local communities, and the state government. The citizens and corporations would raise $300,000 for 100 fully equipped bookmobiles, each with an initial 600 books. Each local community would provide continuous operation and maintenance, costing approximately $3,000 a year. The state would put up an additional $200,000 for more books. Further, on Nov. 14 every motion-picture theatre in the state was scheduled to have a special show for children, the admission consisting of two books for the bookmobile; and during American Book Week there will be a Citizens' March for Books in thirty key communities with every home solicited. Boy Scouts will do the collecting and the Teamsters' Union has agreed to mobilize all 7,000 members and every available truck. It is expected that in Louisville alone 250,000 books will be collected.

Work has been under way for nine months. The $300,000 for the bookmobiles seems assured; the legislature is almost certain to vote the $200,000 in January for the additional books. The public collections are taking place this month. And citizens in eighty Kentucky communities are working together to raise locally the maintenance money. Harry W. Schacter of Louisville, dynamic leader in this great adventure, quotes Horace Mann as saying, "A house without books is like a room without windows." —DONALD HARRINGTON.

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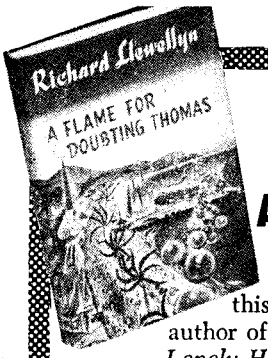

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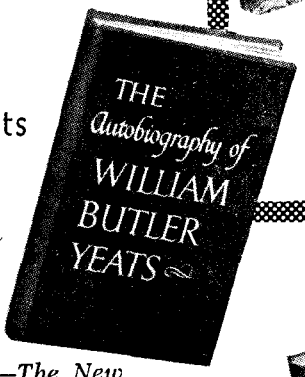

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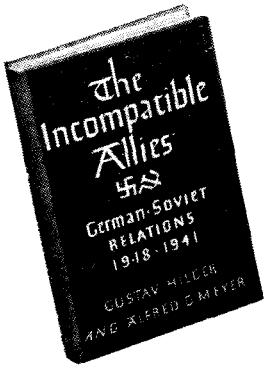

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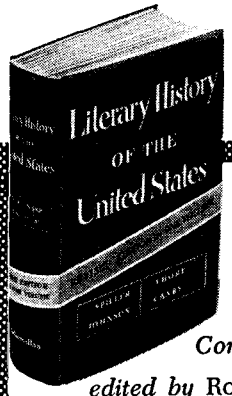

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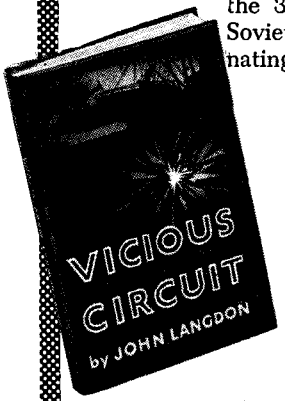

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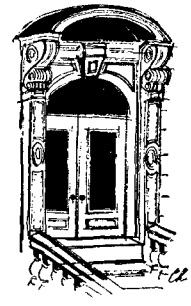
The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 21, 1953

WHERE SUCCESS BEGINS



Rags to Riches—Myth and Reality

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

From a carefully compiled list of 300 notable Americans (see page 68) Richard B. Morris has culled some startling statistics to discredit the rags-to-riches formula of success. Mr. Morris is professor of history at Columbia and recently edited the "Encyclopedia of American History."

THE theme of rags to riches, exploited monotonously but with singular success by Horatio Alger, runs like a bright thread through American folklore. Interwoven in this folk cloth is the agrarian myth stemming from the rather vague conviction that the democratic roots of our tradition are nurtured on the farmlands and in the backwoods and that the truly great Americans have been the products of areas quite remote from Western European civilization. Deadwood Dick of the Beadle dime novels exemplified the popular idea of the self-made man lacking formal education or inherited wealth who advanced through his own unaided efforts. The country boy, according to the accepted success formula, is a sure bet to overtake the city slicker in the long run.

Familiar to every schoolboy are the careers of famous Americans who rose from poverty or came from frontier backgrounds. The Irish tenant class origins of Andrew Jackson's forbears and the log cabin background of Lincoln need little further publicizing at this late date. Even as far back as 1840 the Whigs found it expedient to ignore the patrician origins of William Henry Harrison, who had been born on a famous Virginia plantation, and portray him seated before a log cabin with a barrel of cider at his side. Among business tycoons one calls to mind almost at once the cases of James B. Duke, whose father, a poor farmer, returned on foot from the Confederate Army with a single half-dollar and two blind mules, and Andrew Carnegie, born in a Scottish weaver's cottage, who started his business career as a $1.20-a-week bobbin boy in a Pittsburgh cotton mill.

The seeds of folklore have often sprouted in the soil of fact. It is incontestable that the last three centuries have witnessed an extraordinary degree of social mobility on this continent and that the fluidity of the American class structure is in large measure the result of our territorial, economic, and technological expansion. Nevertheless, even a casual survey of our Presidents will reveal that Jackson and Lincoln are no more typical of the backgrounds of the chief executives than are Duke and Carnegie of our business entrepreneurs. In fact, Jackson, though reared in poverty, accumulated vast Western lands and Lincoln, the rail splitter, was a leading railroad attorney. Paradoxically enough, most of our more progressive Presidents came from aristocratic backgrounds.

What are the facts about the social origins of our most notable Americans? Do they conform to the "rags-to-riches" formula? Recently an analysis was made of the three hundred notable Americans chosen by a corps of experts to constitute the biographical section of the "Encyclopedia of American History." Since the results of any such analysis are partly determined in advance by the subjects chosen for the experiment, the final selection of the "300" was preceded by extensive research and the consultation of a wide variety of specialists in order to make sure that the list would constitute a well-rounded representation of the most eminent American men and women in major fields of activity.

TO begin with, it was necessary to agree upon a definition of an "American." The test finally adopted was whether prior to 1776 a person had spent the *major* portion of his career in the American colonies, or after that fateful date was a citizen of the United States. By the first criterion William Penn and James Edward Oglethorpe had to be excluded despite their roles as founders of two of the original thirteen colonies and as great humanitarian figures. The citizenship requirement barred Charles Chaplin and such expatriates as Benjamin Thompson, the Loyalist exile later to win renown as Count Rum-

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ford, the physicist, and T. S. Eliot, American-born but a British subject since 1927. I am sure that few if any will object to an exception having been made in the case of Henry James, who became a British subject at the very end of his career and after all his major works had been written. Any list of notable American men of letters that did not include Henry James would seem curiously truncated. Again, naturalized citizens, despite their world pre-eminence, whose major contributions were made while they were citizens of other nations were similarily excluded in favor of others, sometimes figures of lesser stature, whose chief work was done as Americans. To have included among the "300" such towering contemporary men of science as Albert Einstein and Enrico Fermi or world-famous composers like Schoenberg and Stravinsky, to cite a few examples, would have amounted to distorting the level of cultural achievement in America.

To maintain a firm and undisputed place on the list of the "300" the candidate's contribution must have been notable not only for its time and place, but still have a measurable impact on our way of life. This test of staying power barred many authors of best sellers whom no one ever reads today. Fabulously successful writers like Joseph Holt Ingraham, Augusta Jane Evans, and Ann Sophia Stephens of dime-novel fame have been passed over in favor of writers like Thoreau whose books became best sellers in later periods. The issue of staying power was brought into unusually sharp focus by the list of scientists. Out of the thirty-two men of science (in addition to Franklin who is listed among the statesmen) only six antedate the twentieth century. In the light of objective reappraisal the confession must be made that American scientific achievements for the earlier period were dwarfed alongside the epochal contributions of a Maxwell, a Darwin, or a Pasteur. There were a few noteworthy exceptions. Joseph Henry, Josiah Willard Gibbs, and Asa Gray would make anybody's science team, but the traditional names of science pioneers are conspicuous by their absence. Such familiar figures as Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, the icthyologist, Thomas Say, the entomologist, Matthew Fontaine Maury, the hydrographer, Nathaniel Bowditch, the navigator, and Othniel Charles Marsh, the paleontologist, reliquished their places to later scientists of greater stature like Michelson, Compton, Rabi, Urey, and Kendall. In other fields, such as politics, the law, and the arts, where the permanent impact of distinguished contemporaries is still difficult to measure, persons of our own time have not fared nearly as well as in the field of science.

In addition to staying power, one other criterion was invoked. For a business entrepreneur to be included among the "300" his achievements had to transcend the mere accumulation of a great fortune. He would be expected to have contributed creatively to the organization and development of industry, commerce, or finance, or, outside his business interests, to such fields as public service or philanthropy. With this double criterion in mind, James J. Hill, the "empire builder," was given the nod over Cornelius Vanderbilt, the railroad promoter, although on a more extended list Vanderbilt would doubtless justify inclusion, as would business figures like Ezra Cornell, Havemeyer, and Schwab. Applying this double standard, Leland Stanford was picked instead of Collis P. Huntington, his associate in transcontinental railroad activities and his equal if not superior as a lobbyist, because of the former's contribution to the political history of California as well as his impact on higher education.

SO MUCH for some of the criteria which governed the selection of the "300." The reader at this point may well be impatient for the results of the analysis of these biographical subjects. This is the story. Despite considerable diversity of background and talents a pattern of conformity emerges. At least 204 of the three hundred notable Americans (or slightly more than two-thirds of the total) came from privileged backgrounds, from families of wealth, social position, or strong cultural interests. Those who rose from poverty numbered not more than eighty-four.

Any impression that the 204 privileged children were the products of conspicuously wealthy homes should be dispelled at the outset. Men like John Hancock, born in a clergyman's home but adopted by a rich uncle on his father's death, John Jay, J. P. Morgan, and the Roosevelts were the exceptions. The large majority came from "middle" or "upper middle" class homes and enjoyed childhoods not clouded over by economic insecurity. A considerable number were reared in households where cultural and intellectual interests flourished, where books abounded and ideas were free as the air one breathed. There come to mind at once Louisa Alcott, daughter of Bronson Alcott, the reformer; Aaron Burr, whose father was president of Princeton and whose maternal grandfather was the great theologian Jonathan Edwards; Samuel F. B. Morse, son of the famous geographer Jedidiah Morse; and Josiah Willard Gibbs, whose father was a distinguished orientalist and philologist. In fact the list underscores the impact of inheritance and early family training. The Holmses, the Jameses, and the Adamses are perhaps the most notable instances of an

(*Continued on page 65*)

Noon After Death

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

THE sound they lived with was from everlasting,
Stone crusher crushing on the summer air;
At twelve the sudden rumble of the blasting
And then again the crunch of massive knitting,
Of making more than rending; unremitting
As time soft broken to the steady powder
Of their accruing life, and hardly louder
Than pulsing blood which reassures the ear.

Day runs from noon to noon, not night to night,
And when a lifetime ends with evening light
The midnight moves majestic with no shock
Till Noon, the Janus, strikes his golden clock,
Cleaving not only day, not only rock,
But this their universe with single stroke:
Great Noon, their god, now staring and apart,
Grown unregardful of the stricken heart.

But through the garden where the world was ending
Came quietly the quarry's old befriending,
The sound of quickened knitting, more than rending,
Time picking up the stitch, and mending, mending.

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MALRAUX

3,000 Years of Triumph

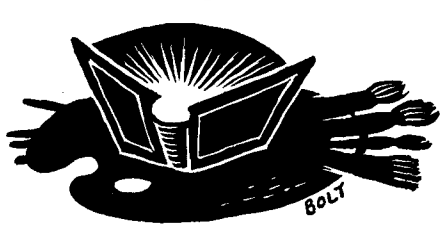
André Malraux' "The Voices of Silence" *(translated by Stuart Gilbert. Doubleday. 661 pp. 465 illus. $25) is an inquiry into the structure and meaning of all the world's art. Originally published in three volumes as "The Psychology of Art," it has been thoroughly rewritten so that it is now virtually a new work. Here it is reviewed by Professor William Barrett of New York University, associate editor of* The Partisan Review.

By William Barrett

ANDRÉ MALRAUX has had three careers, each of which might have sufficed for an ordinary great man: scholar of art and archeology, brilliant novelist, and heroic man of action in politics and war. What is more uncanny still is that these three careers have an inner unity, and that in each Malraux speaks or realizes himself as the whole and unique individual he is.

Thus even to begin to understand his latest work, "The Voices of Silence," a long and amazing essay on art which may very well be its author's greatest achievement to date, the reader must absolutely see it in the total context of Malraux's career, and as the expression, such as only genuinely creative works can be, of the whole man. This total reading is all the more necessary since Malraux has virtually hidden his message between the lines, and the controlling generalizations emerge in their full force only toward the end of the 600 pages of text and illustrations. Sticking as close as possible to the works of art themselves, Malraux seeks to embed all his general ideas in the soil of very concrete perceptions, and this perception of his is very nimble, leaping easily across whole continents and cultures.

But a unifying point of view does emerge, and it is such as to give this treatise on art a passionate and dramatic sweep, for once again it is Malraux speaking as himself, a brilliant and complex individual whose whole life has been a passionate involvement with the fate of human civilization. Were Malraux' not a first-rate creative imagination this would at least be a learned work of art scholarship; and were he not a man of action there would be lacking the highly charged sense of historic fatality; but the miracle of "The Voices of Silence" is that it is a great prose poem in which these three things are united. It is an integral expression of the triple man.



This fabulous career began in 1922 when Malraux plunged as a young archeologist into the jungles of Indo-China in search of some lost Buddhist sculptures. He found the sculptures, but was imprisoned by the French authorities—for reasons that are not yet clear, but which almost certainly had to do with some form of political activity. When he returned to the Orient a few years later it was no longer as a scholar of art, but as an active revolutionist who took part in the Canton Revolution of 1927 (when Chiang Kai-shek *was* able to defeat the Communists).

Here, at the outset, emerges the dual interest that shapes all the subsequent career: the archeologist and scholar of art digs into the past while the man of action is up to his neck in the present and its political problems. The European, saturated in his own humanistic culture and actively living the history of his time, confronts the great immemorial and unhistorical civilizations of Asia. Luck or destiny, whichever you choose, thus gave to Malraux in his youth what has become his major theme, on which he has never ceased to ring startling variations: the conflict, or dialogue, of time (and the forms of time) with eternity. In "The Voices of Silence" the voices are the great images of art that sound out of the silence of eternity and struggle to conquer it.

One of his earliest works, "Temptation of the West" (1924), is a dialogue between an Asian and a European, in which Asia and Europe become, more than mere geographical expressions, states of soul: the former preoccupied with the timeless and archetypal, the latter with the historical and factual. The hero of "The Conquerors" (1925)

THE AUTHOR: The several lives of André Malraux mirror the convulsions of the world's last fifty years. In the early Twenties, then in *his* early twenties, Malraux turned up in the Far East, an archeologist in search of Cambodian antiques. The Annamite revolt promptly sidetracked some of his energy, energy which soon swept him across the border into China. There Malraux the politician was a member of the Committee of Twelve (Chiang Kai-shek was another) which directed the Canton insurrection during the Revolution. When the Generalissimo outsmarted the Communists for control of China Malraux journeyed back to Europe, brushing up on his archeology en route. Throughout the anti-Fascist struggle of the Thirties Malraux was always somewhere in the forefront. He flew for the Loyalists in Spain; in 1937 he came here to plead their cause. (One interview reported: "His great dislike for war was evident in everything he said.") He fought World War II, first in the French Army, later in the Maquis. To all that man-made horror Malraux has always applied a kind of literary stethoscope, his findings being recorded in a half-dozen novels on *la condition humaine*. The war's end found him in De Gaulle's rightist Government, a Malraux who came as a shock to much of France. His answer has been that he himself has not changed, that the *world* has changed. No attempt is made to deny that on occasions he has worked with the Communists. (In 1950 Shostakovich paid him a compliment by calling him "a warmonger.") Lately Malraux's involvement in politics has been aloof, most of his attention being devoted to laying the underpinnings of a universal culture based on art. It is art, he says, which unites mankind, and politics which threatens to destroy it. Fighting his way out of this trap, Malraux recently summed up Malraux by telling Theodore H. White, in an article in *The New York Times*, "Write it down that art excites me five hundred times more than politics." BERNARD KALB.

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is a European revolutionist and adventurer in Asia whose ambition is to "carve a scar on the map"—*viz.*, to throw up some human monument against that cosmic eternity of which the Oriental is so conscious. And in the great novel "Man's Fate" (1933) this conflict between East and West is fully dramatized at the moment when the great ritual and archaic civilization of China is caught up in the violent spasms of modern history.

The Orient has fascinated Malraux because he sees in the struggle against its vast spaces and immemorial habits the image of the absurd struggle of the individual against destiny. "What have I ever written about," Malraux has said, "except Man and his human condition?"—and here in "The Voices of Silence" he is still exploring the human condition through images of the museum, with the individual artist playing the role of the absurd adventurer against the implacable destiny of time and death.

THE parts of the present work first appeared separately in three volumes under the title "The Psychology of Art." In collecting them within one cover Malraux has rewritten them and virtually made a new work. Not only is the writing tighter and more lucid, but the point of view has become sharpened by the emphasis upon the values of Western art. Thus Greek is preferred to Hindu sculpture because Greece was the father of Western humanism, and the Oriental painting most extolled is Japanese portraiture rather than Chinese landscapes (where man is lost in the cosmic scene). Compared with the early very critical attitude toward Europe in "Temptation of the West," Malraux now writes as a man committed irrevocably to European civilization and its values. He is too political a figure, too sensitive to the pressures of history, for this emphasis not to be the result of the present situation of Europe. Here and there references in the text to "the phantom cities of Europe" evoke the backdrop of a Western Europe, once the conquering civilization of the globe, now squeezed between the two great power blocs of the United States and Russia. But if European civilization has already destroyed itself, its swan song (if there is to be one) might well be the idea of a universal art—an art which has appropriated to itself all other ages and cultures, the first expression in man's history of a new worldwide humanism.

This idea is broached tentatively in the first part of the work, "Museum Without Walls," where Malraux points out that the modern man has access to works beyond the dreams of the great critics of a century ago, men like Stendhal, Baudelaire, and Fromentin: African sculpture, cave drawings, Melanesian fetishes, Hindu sculpture, Chinese and Japanese painting. Modern photography and now color reproductions bring us the art of distant times and places. Being global, modern culture assimilates the art of all places and times.

But there is an irony, too, about this total inheritance of ours, for the past that reaches us is transformed. Greek sculpture comes down to us in fragments, and our taste has got used to the fragments. (Who would now want arms on the Venus of Milo?) This sculpture was painted, and we see the fragments without color. Photography, now our chief instrument in assimilating the past, can also distort our ideas of works of art, blowing up a miniature to the proportions of a fresco. Malraux himself exhibits in this work enough examples of this genius of the camera. He has always been interested in the cinema, having made a notable film of his own novel "Man's Hope," which showed a very original sense of the camera. No book on art that I know has used reproductions with such ingenuity, surprise, and effect. Indeed, Malraux's visual genius was apparent in his novels long ago, for they are composed to obtain the effects of cinema. Who can forget the opening scene of "Man's Fate" with its roving camera eye over the room where a murder is about to take place, with the startling detail of the protruding foot of the man who is to be killed? With this same visual imagination Malraux has ranged among the masterpieces of past and present art.

THE past also undergoes the metamorphosis of contemporary taste, which now relegates certain artists to obscurity and now lifts them out of it. The timeless images of art are thus subject to the metamorphoses of history. The second part of the work, "The Metamorphoses of Apollo," examines the changes of form and style as the art of antiquity passed into the Middle Ages, both in the West and the East. This in turn leads to the problem of style generally, and Part III, "The Creative Process," examines the psychology of creation. The artist, Malraux maintains, never copies nature as such, but always a previous style of art, seeing nature through the prism of artistic form. Modern artists who have sought to produce pure paintings, devoid of any accidental values of representation, are in this respect not really different from the painters of the past: all were concerned with producing what would be a painting first—an arrangement of colors on a surface—and only afterward a battle scene, a still life, or a landscape.

But can this purely formal preoc-

—*From "The Voices of Silence."*

Detail from Michelangelo's "The Deluge"—"ingenuity, surprise, and effect."

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cupation suffice to nourish the artist when most of the art of the past was produced under the inspiration, and sometimes the rule, of religion? If modern man is the heir of all the ages in art what is he going to do with his amazing inheritance? These questions Malraux faces in the fourth and last part of the work, "Aftermath of the Absolute." Since the absolute of religion has waned, the artist now finds an absolute only in his art. The new international culture emerging seems to be that of a fundamentally "agnostic civilization." True, religion survives in our time, and we hear much talk of its revival, but our contemporary art itself is the best indication that this age is not religious: the imitation-Gothic church on a Manhattan side street is dwarfed by skyscrapers. Here, too, Malraux's quick perception notes a paradox, for it has been precisely modern art itself, in breaking away from the rigid canons of academic painting and sculpture, that has taught us to appreciate the art of distant ages—Babylonian and African sculpture, Byzantine mosaics, primitive painters—namely, just that art that was produced out of the most ardent faith in God, or gods and demons.

MALRAUX has no solution to this problem of the artist in the modern age beyond the tragic recognition that all art is a rebellion against fate, the mortality of our human condition, as the artist struggles to throw up an image that will brave time and death. Thus his work ends with a great hymn to man. The final wisdom of a radically humanistic civilization would be the recognition that all of these great images of the past that fill the imaginary museum are the products of man himself, who has created his own gods and demons; and perhaps this may be enough to feed the imagination of future artists.

The above summary is, of course, pitiably inadequate to the extraordinary richness of the book. Malraux is not a thinker in the sense that he attempts to build any system of esthetics. He is an intellectual who vibrates intuitively to ideas, and this intuition—quick, nervous, and agile, ranging over and correlating works of art with lightning-like rapidity—has given the work an almost inexhaustible wealth of observations on particular artists and styles. In no part of the imaginary museum does Malraux appear to be a stranger. It is impossible for any brief criticism to do justice here, beyond indicating in its pallid way that this is a great book. It will require a long time for critics to digest, but it will be around long enough and to spare for this to be done.

FICTION

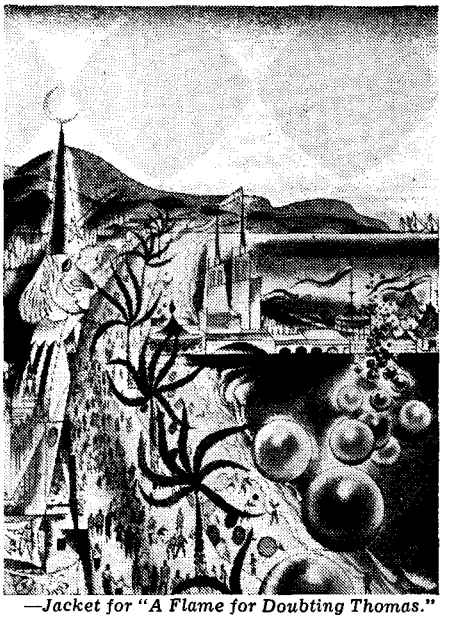
Alma Mater of the Side Show

"A Flame for Doubting Thomas," by Richard Llewellyn *(Macmillan. 341 pp. $3.75), tells what befell an idealistic young professor after he became a carnival operator.*

By James Kelly

NOT the least of Richard Llewellyn's accomplishments in "A Flame for Doubting Thomas" is that he has made his cadenced Welsh style serve as acceptable background for a novel which is peculiarly American in setting, mood, idiom, and characters. Pluck a Sir Galahadish young college professor from his Midwest campus and set him down as the incongruous operator of a Southern California amusement pier; have him lead the fight against hoodlums and local politicians who would like to make the pier a gambling headquarters; involve him in a tangled web of neon-lit violence and romance. How American can you get? In Mr. Llewellyn's hands this is the stuff of poetic, implausible, action-filled melodrama. Admirers of Clarence Budington Kelland (biographer of the naive knight errant), W. R. Burnett (tough stuff between hoodlums and cops), and William Lindsay Gresham (under the tent with carny concessionaires) will probably agree that a three-to-one blend of familiar but good ingredients can either stimulate or drug.

As he proved in "How Green Was My Valley," less successfully in "None But the Lonely Heart" and "A Few Flowers for Shiner," Mr. Llewellyn is a romantic impressionist. He revels in human speech and the pictorial force of language. He'll stop any time to pass along a moment of beauty, an idea which seems important to him. But he loves his fictional people, even when they are blurred or obscured by the flow of rich, ringing Welsh onomatopoeia. His plots are embroidered carefully and intricately—perhaps too intricately for the reader who likes an orderly unfolding—and there's almost always a moral level beyond the literal one. So it's for the audience to decide whether such qualities help or hinder the pace of "A Flame for Doubting Thomas," a feverish montage of murder, seduction, and bizarre violence behind the peaceful facade of lower-echelon show business. About the book's bug-eyed readability there's no question.



—Jacket for "A Flame for Doubting Thomas."

Just how far can you goad an honest man before he fights back? The man in this instance is Tom Follett, a young history professor who appears one day at a fun pier near Los Angeles. He has been hired by Old Man Gesserman, the pier's philosophical owner, to set up a "Great Ideas of Mankind Exhibition." Actually, Tom is rebelling against sheltered faculty life and the romantic tyranny of a wealthy young lady named Dayton Fredrick who dauntlessly continues to pursue him. Before long Tom is carrying on in a highly unacademic manner with a strapping Finnish waitress and a stripper ("A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody") from the pier's girlie show. He becomes involved in open warfare with Sloe Eye Binario's gambling syndicate, shares the intimate personal problems of his new neighbors, and finally becomes top banana when Gesserman gives him the pier.

Tension mounts as a man dies in the shark tank, a naked young lady is fished out of the ocean, and pier people are subjected to fires, fistfights, bullets, planned highway accidents, and threats of worse to come. At a fearsome climax involving an octopus, a train wreck, and the usual scantily-clad girls, Tom's fighting spirit and the embattled efforts of fellow concessionaires provide a lurid finish to the argument with Sloe Eye and his men. Even the romantic

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threads begin to unsnarl as Tom notices Dayton's non-financial qualities and contemplates the teaching of history with more favor after having made some.

This is the Midway, with anything happening every minute. Not many faces stand out from the crowd, though one remembers, Ollie, the fat bodyguard, and Ya Valkun, whose serene beauty has survived the World War II concentration camps. Old Minsky alumni will feel most at home here, for explicit and sustained Sex is delivered with all the brisk authority that the Misses Sothern and Corio used to level at the first three rows of the orchestra. And readers who perk up at the spat of a rod, the crash of a falling body, and the music of lovingly orchestrated words will like it, too.

Widows, Harvard and Fortune

"Love Is a Bridge," by Charles Bracelen Flood *(Houghton Mifflin. 436 pp. $3.75), describes the self-discovery of a man moving through the world of Groton-Harvard-New York and two unhappy marriages.*

By Charles Lee

THERE are two remarkable things about Charles Bracelen Flood's "Love Is a Bridge." One is that it is a first novel of exceptional merit. The other is that it is written by an author who is only twenty-three years old. Many a writer Mr. Flood's senior will wish in vain for his sense of artistic discipline and his sureness of psychological insight. His quality of mellowness is all but unbelievable.

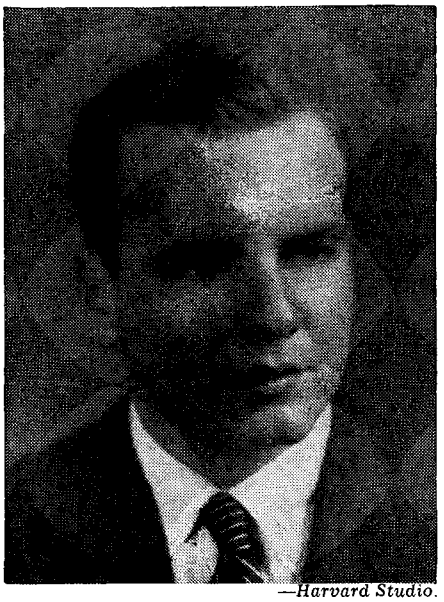
The story deals with love among civilized and sensitive people moving within a pattern of environmental security. The prospects for smooth sailing for Henry Cobb (Harvard '27), a remarkable mathematician-engineer, and Boston socialite Susan Pemmerton seem as safely predictable as the tides themselves. But even tides can get unruly. Neither money nor a son can hold together the family, which finally breaks up amid the swirling cross-currents of human emotion. Particularly at fault is Henry, too young and stuffy to understand at first the central meaning of love.

He gets his chance at self-discovery during his marriage to Alice Taylor, a New York widow whose weakness and selfishness provide him with insights into his own strengths. This marriage, too, is destined for the divorce court, but out of it comes Henry's second opportunity at integration and this time he does not fail. He has learned that love, like money, most thoroughly reveals its values when it has been earned.

The focus is naturally upon Henry and his wives, but Mr. Flood is equally concerned to dimensionalize their elders as well as Henry's son Hilliard and his stepdaughter Ann. In these efforts he is wholly successful, just as he is in giving depth and substance to the shifting scene of Boston, New York, and Maine. He contrives, too, to move with an easy grace through the years, no mean feat for any novelist, let alone one of his age.

It ought to be added that the story is one of motion despite its length and despite the sermon implicit in the title. Love, Mr. Flood seems to say through all the troubled relationships of Henry's family, is the basic communication between individuals, the link between generations, and the passage between whole peoples separated by space, culture, and time. But all of this is said dramatically, with mature sentiment rather than immature shocks along the way, and largely in terms of people who might come through one's own front door rather than the nearest psychiatrist's.

Mr. Flood's book is a fine addition to the shelf of Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Awards.



—Harvard Studio.

C. B. Flood—"an easy grace."

Love the Redeemer

"The Answer in the Sky," by Dieter Meichsner *(translated by Charlotte and Albert Lloyd. Funk & Wagnalls. 247 pp. $3.50), is the story of a young Nazi and his love affair with a Jewish girl at the time of Hitler's Götterdämmerung.*

By Frederic Morton

WITH the notable exception of Theodor Plievier's "Stalingrad," this reviewer has come across few German war novels in which the protagonists seem to be morally aware of what all the fuss is about. Unlike "The Naked and the Dead" or "From Here to Eternity" or, for that matter, "All Quiet on the Western Front," most contemporary German examples of the genre back away from the ruthless minutiae of realism. They appear to avoid inquiries into ethics. Instead the issue appears oversimplified: a helpless young hero is fooled by the enormity of his era. Unknowing, the lad sows dragon's teeth as if playing with children's toys. He preserves a sturdy innocence until his seed flowers into fangs. The end finds him more victim than co-author of evil.

This implausible failure of self-recognition damaged so fine a novel as Richard Kaufmann's "Heaven Pays No Dividends." It also blunts much of the dramatic edge of Dieter Meichsner's poignantly written "The Answer in the Sky." Michael Gaertner, as Mr. Meichsner calls his chief figure, was in the Hitler Youth before he became a Wehrmacht officer. He fights bravely for Fuehrer and Vaterland. Even after Hitler's death he keeps on soldiering in an S.S. band that puts up a desperate resistance in the Bavarian Alps.

The action takes place in the historical vacuum immediately following the fall of Berlin. During the week covered by the novel the Lieutenant has much material for reflection. Under the mounting pressure of events the true characters of his Nazi comrades become revealed to him. He forages for cattle, stumbles on a Jewish girl, falls in love with her. In the dark of the night she sobs out to him the fate of her family. He is horrified. It seems inconceivable not only that such things happened but that they happened while he played soccer a couple of blocks away. He renounces his past. His hands tear at his officer's epaulettes.

Here is the crucial gesture in the book. But since Gaertner has so far

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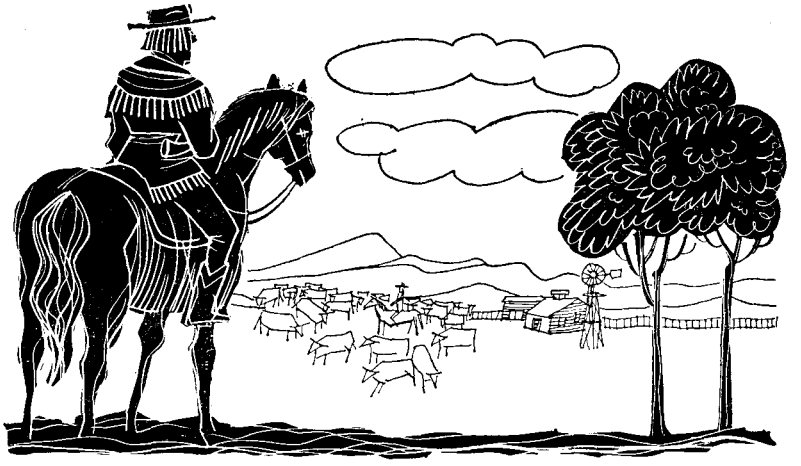
been only a guileless, engaging teenager (he is all of eighteen), since the author has given him neither the chance nor the intention to judge his superiors by any but their own standards, it is a gesture of large theatricality and little meaning. Gaertner is just another little political virgin deflowered by the plot. He was deceived, he is at present being undeceived, and tomorrow, I fear, he may very well enjoy being deceived again.

THUS, Mr. Meichsner squanders an excellent story on an undeserving hero. He has surrounded the young lieutenant with an eerily credible picture of Germany in the spring of 1945—a blacked-out, grenade-ridden, no-man's nation dangling between two eras. We see Fräulein practising their first giggles over the first G.I. chocolate bars. We watch an S.S. officer as he hears that his unit has lost contact with the Army group.

But the author impresses most deeply when he writes of man and woman. Irene, the brave, shy Jewish girl, is a touching creation. She not only loves Michael but does him the even bigger favor of making him seem real to the reader as long as she stays at his side. And there is one superb long chapter about the night the two spend together. Their fumbling, foolish, self-conscious, but in the end confessed and liberated passion really breathes and sputters; the ecstatic chastity in which it culminates is as bizarre as it is convincing. Those with good memories may detect here an echo of the sleeping-bag scene in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." But Mr. Meichsner, who claims Hemingway as one of his influences, has in this one respect topped the old master.

Mr. Meichsner has not licked all the technical problems of the novel. The story's time sequence is rather awkwardly ingenious and confuses rather than intrigues the reader. Mr. Meichsner has also seen fit to put into the book some U.S. soldiers who think and talk like a band of poilus who have seen too many American B movies with bad subtitles. He has the further bad luck of having a pair of translators with a knack for putting the most unlikely English renderings into the mouths of doughfaces. For instances, one character declares, in a kind of Brooklynese-Oxonian Esperanto, "I get a bang out of riding him a bit."

But these are minor flaws and I think that Mr. Meichsner, at twenty-five, is too instinctive a storyteller not to overcome them in his future work. The important thing to hope for is that the next time he has epaulettes ripped off his hero's coat there'll be a man inside them.



—SR *Drawing by Doug Anderson.*

As the Great Plains Filled

"Paradise Prairie," by Cecil B. Williams *(John Day. 372 pp. $4.50), tells the story of the family of Jacob Wilson, pioneer settlers in the Oklahoma Territory.*

By Stanley Vestal

IN "Paradise Prairie" Cecil B. Williams is telling the quiet but absorbing story of a family settling in Oklahoma Territory only a few years after 1889, when the first lands there were thrown open to white settlement. In those days all genuine Oklahomans came from somewhere else; even most of the Indian tribes were not native to the region. So everyone in Oklahoma had two or more backgrounds. It is refreshing to see how Mr. Williams handles this historic fact in "Paradise Prairie." Equally refreshing is the fact that the author, though his story presents much hardship and many problems, has given us one of the few agreeable novels of farm life.

Jacob Wilson brought his family to Oklahoma because he preferred virgin prairie to the rocky hills of West Virginia, and feared that his wife's easy-going relatives might stifle the ambition of his sons. He made their home in a colony of Dunkards in the Unassigned Lands, where Indians and cowboys were seldom seen. The Church of the Brethren had been brought from Germany by Protestant people sick of wars and violence, anxious to live according to their literal interpretation of the Christian scriptures. Because they dunked, or immersed, their converts in baptism, they were popularly known as Dunkers or Dunkards. But this novel is far more than an account of life in a Dunkard community. It is the life of Jacob Wilson as recalled nostalgically by his son, Terry, now a professor of English at the University of Chicago who tries to find its meaning on his way to and from his father's funeral.

The book is a tender and moving reminiscence, and a true picture of early days on the farm in central Oklahoma. It offers an amazing quantity of authentic detail covering every phase of country life. Yet these minutiae are all integrated with the story of the family. We share in all their activities: of planting and harvesting, haying and threshing, apple picking and butchering, road mending and fencing, and feuding and fighting with the neighbors. Jacob Wilson, though he held it better to be unhappy than wrong, was no angel, and on losing his temper would sometimes attack or challenge a neighbor. But he always repented and stood trial in church, earnestly striving to live up to his creed.

The family faces up to drouth, tornados, and crop failure, a plague of snakes, chiggers, and tarantulas, and hard times. As the boys grow up we go with them to the County Fair at Stillwater, and share their emotions on being dunked in the cold creek. We take part in the Foot-washings, Love Feasts, and Holy Communion of the Brethren. We attend literary societies, Christmas trees, and pie suppers, and listen to debates at the Farmers' Union.

But as time goes on the outer world encroaches, bringing bicycles for the boys, the wondrous phonograph, and at length a real automobile! So at last the little church stands empty. And the story ends with Jacob's bur-

(*Continued on page* 71)

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A Lady and Her Companions

"Birds as Individuals," by Len Howard *(Doubleday. 224 pp. $4), is a report on what she has learned about the personalities of birds by an English woman who opened her house to them. Our reviewer, Louis J. Halle, is the author of a number of volumes on nature, including "Birds Against Men."*

By Louis J. Halle

MISS LEN HOWARD, who lives alone in a Sussex cottage, has created a minor sensation in England with her book on "Birds as Individuals." Three months after its original English publication it was in a fifth edition and the cottage had become a tourist attraction. Now Miss Howard's book is published in this country for our enjoyment, our enlightenment, and such controversy as it may arouse among our students of bird behavior.

Until lately no one who pretended to make serious ornithological observations dared to credit birds with attributes of human personality. Nature writers lived under the tyranny of a word, fearing to give their critics any pretext for calling their work "anthropomorphic." They often felt nervously obliged, in fact, to protest their adherence to the prevailing orthodoxy that birds were mechanisms which responded automatically to the stimuli of their environments, without passion or intelligence, like photoelectric cells responding to light.

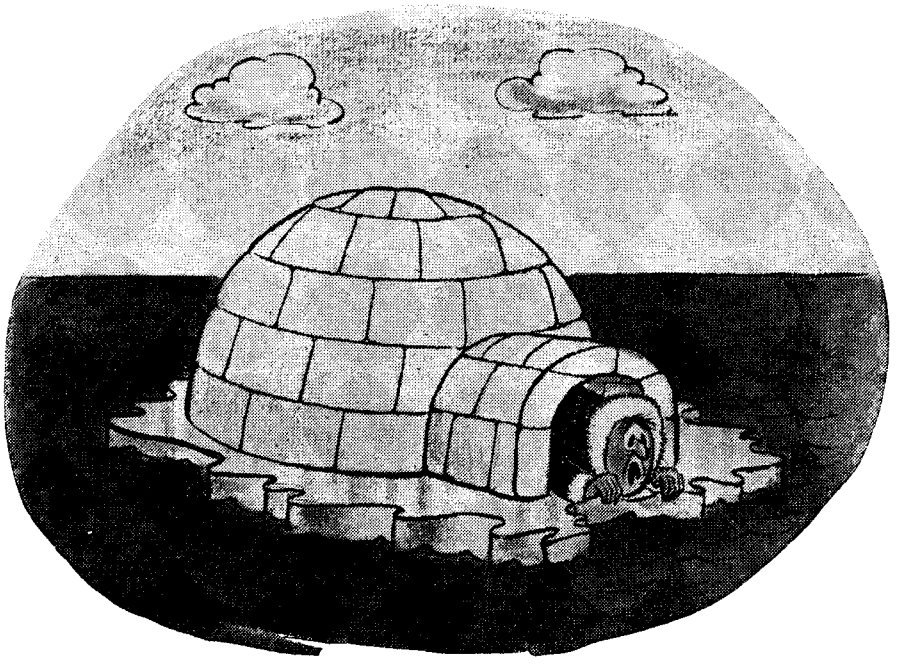
Now the Hegelian reaction has set in. It appears to have been inaugurated by the publication, last year, of that wise and humorous book "King Solomon's Ring," by Konrad Z. Lorenz, the Austrian authority on animal behavior. Dr. Lorenz invented a masterful new word, "mechanomorphism," to use against those who had gone to extremes of antianthropomorphism. Without indulging in counterextremism, he showed convincingly that birds are akin to people, that jackdaws, for example, respond to the mundane environment in many respects as we do, behaving in ways that are more intelligible to us than we had formerly dared to admit. Undoubtedly the eagerness with which Miss Howard's observations have been received in England is a sign of the new trend. Like Dr. Lorenz, she explains nature in terms that enable us to be at home with it.

Miss Howard lives in a relationship of intimacy with wild garden birds that must be unique, at least since the days of St. Francis. She shares her cottage with them and participates in the vicissitudes of their individual lives like some benevolent matriarch concerning herself with the fortunes of her own tribe. They come to her for shelter, and for aid or comfort in time of distress. Her window is always open and her bedroom plentifully supplied with facilities for nocturnal roosting. The consequence is that she has come to establish a degree of mutual communication with them quite comparable to what exists between a man and his dog. She knows what they are "saying," as we know what a dog is saying when he wags his tail, and she bears witness to their powers of reasoning. The birds, in turn, are sensitive to her communication and even learn the meaning of her words and phrases, responding obediently to them. Yet they remain undomesticated, so that Miss Howard's knowledge of them is not of incomplete creatures separated from their environment.

If this sounds rather too much like Doctor Doolittle's doings at Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, some authoritative reassurance may be found in the foreword by Julian Huxley and the introduction to the American edition by Roger Tory Peterson, who visited "Bird Cottage" and saw for himself. Dr. Huxley, it is true, reserves his position by the graciously phrased statement that "Miss Howard will not expect professional biologists to accept all her conclusions." Hers is not a mind trained in skepticism, for all the purity and care of its appraisals. Some readers will find interpretations that make them suspect the influence of preconceptions. Yet the essential truth is there, and such allowances as have, perhaps, to be made are no more than those we make compassionately when we listen to parents on the virtues of children.

THE book opens with a series of bird biographies, chiefly of titmice and blackbirds whose lives Miss Howard has shared. These accounts and the notes on behavior that follow are full of insights, and of observations that surely constitute a substantial addition to our accumulated knowledge. The last part of the book is devoted to some illuminating analysis of bird songs, presented with the authority of Miss Howard's training as a musician.

"Birds as Individuals" is a rewarding book in itself and the expression of a welcome trend. It points the way to a greater intimacy with our fellow creatures. But it is too much to hope that some who follow in this way will not commit the sin of dealing with wrens and robins as little feathered people. Miss Howard has shown herself above that sort of thing, but one trembles to think of those who may follow her.



"No wonder we're seasick!"

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Spring and Her Pursuers

***"Circle of the Seasons," by Edwin Way Teale** (Dodd, Mead. 306 pp. $4), is the daybook of a naturalist-man of letters. Alan Devoe, who reviews it below, is the author of "Our Animal Neighbors" and other volumes on wild life.*

By Alan Devoe

THE journal, almanac, or daybook —its limits sometimes set by a season, sometimes by the duration of a voyage, most often by the span of a calendar year—is a form in which many literary naturalists have liked to compose books. Donald Culross Peattie's "An Almanac for Moderns," Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Twelve Seasons," Aldo Leopold's "Sand County Almanac" . . . the list is long. In a journal a nature-observer can be episodic, discursive, briskly brief, or extensively contemplative at whim, and still achieve a work that has entity and unity by virtue of the terms that bound it. A year's journal takes from its calendar-terms something of nature's circular completeness.

Though the form is traditional, it does not stale. This, of course, is because a journal is peculiarly personal. In a specially revelatory way it is its author. Though all devotees of nature have their affinity, they have their individualities and difference. On any 19th of January (or 10th of June or whatever) one naturalist is concerned to listen to bird-song in a transcendental rapture, another is busy scientifically poking at a frog's trigeminal ganglia, another is remembering Agassiz, a fourth is possibly brooding upon the consciousness of bats. Nature on her own has no year. The year is the man.

The man whose year comes into print in Edwin Way Teale's "Circle of the Seasons" is warmly engaging. Readers of Mr. Teale's earlier nature books already know him somewhat, of course. They know him for a sharp, informed watcher of outdoors, perennially in the spirit (as he says) of a schoolboy on the last day of school. They know him for a prodigious fund of nature-lore, and for sober care and reliability when he puts it forth. They know his zestful outgoingness of mind toward earth and the things of earth, a hearty relish rarely complicated by too mazy intellections or fits of nature-mystic vapors. In sum: fine company for a hike, and of course the taker of just about the best nature photographs today.

IN "Circle of the Seasons" this friendly, expert, and likable nature-companion is writ large. We are with him around a year of his days: walking for his newspaper and seizing the chance to note auditory discrimination in a cat; standing amid August asters, watching a *Chlorion* digger wasp at her odd rites; walking in squeaky snow, and finding out why it squeaks; watching blackbirds, watching spiders, watching turtles, watching the sky, watching all the minutiae of outdoors with a keen, trained eye and the delight of a responsive heart. Withal, here are his photographs. They are splendid.

As befits the journal tradition, "Circle of the Seasons" is sometimes meditative. There are thinkings about death, evolution, the "untaught wisdom" of animals, our human participance in nature and our apartness. But such considerings are never oppressively long or hard going. The occasional aphorisms, of a Thoreauvian cast, are briefly interjected. Mostly this is the unimpeded journal of a naturalist looking at his world with the bright, healthy interest of that eager schoolboy he salutes: delighting to tell what he has seen, what he has heard, what he has read, what the squirrel did in the treetop and what a day of fun was had with John Kieran in the park. It is a trove of good nature-lore and good spirits.

A Stubborn Jumper

***"Kangaroo," by Henry G. Lamond** (John Day. 247 pp. $3.50), is an Australian nature writer's primer to the whys and wherefores of the animal that has become synonymous with his homeland. Here it is reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson, producer of radio and television shows dealing with animal life.*

By Ivan T. Sanderson

ALMOST everything about Australia is odd and somewhat mysterious to those of us who live elsewhere. The world knows all too little about the continent, and particularly about its unique wild life, which is of incredible variety and, to our eyes, of most bizarre form. Just about the only form everybody knows, at least by name, is the continent's king of beasts—the kangaroo. But how much do we really know of this animal? Read Henry G. Lamond's simple, straightforward tale "Kangaroo" and you will find out. You will be stunned.

Mr. Lamond is a leading Australian nature writer, and is by no means unknown in that guise in this country. He is Australian all through, sharing with a strangely disproportionate number of his countrymen the ability to tell a tale so that anybody can understand it despite the plethora of strange names and terms indigenous to his land. His knowledge of his native fauna and of the kangaroo in particular is very wide. What he now tells us of the latter will probably be almost one hundred percent new, even to students of nature. Were it not Mr. Lamond writing probably nobody would believe that a four-year-old buck 'roo can stand seven feet six inches even when poised on toe and tail tip, and weigh over three hundred pounds. Countless other facts of equal unexpectedness crop up on almost every page of the book.

The kangaroos, and there are many species, quite apart from wallaroos, wallabies, tree-kangaroos, and other forms closely or more distantly related, are the most outstanding living members of that group of furred animals or mammals known as the marsupials or "pouched-ones." The majority are found only in Australia, New Guinea, and some associated islands. They once inhabited the whole earth, and there are remnants left in South America in the form of the small opossums, one species of which abounds in our own country and is known to everybody. They are left-overs from the age of the dinosaurs, when their tiny ancestors wisely

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kept out of sight. Above all, these small-brained creatures excel in two respects, tenacity and persistence. Only in Australia were they isolated and left alone to work out their destiny. Some of them grew as big as rhinos, and died away, but none came out better fitted to that strange environment than the kangaroo. Then came primitive man.

The meeting has not been a happy one for the kangaroos, but it has not proved wholly disastrous as yet. Mr. Lamond's tale is fictional in form, but obviously based upon very definite incidents, and we are therefore very happy to note a pronounced thread of sympathy for the 'roos entwined in the tale. Even hardened professional kangaroo hunters allow themselves emotions regarding these beasts—emotions which they are ashamed to admit to their fellow men.

We only wish that Mr. Lamond had either confirmed or once and for all debunked the statement that our names for his hero were originally compounded of two words—*kang* and *garoo*, meaning simply "there he goes" in some aboriginal dialect.

Claws in the Jungle

***"Tigrero!" by Sasha Siemel** (Prentice-Hall. 266 pp. $3.95), tells the story of a man who realized an ambition to hunt the jaguar with a spear in Brazil's wild Matto Grosso country.*

By J. M. Flagler

ALMOST as remarkable as the tale he tells in "Tigrero!" of thirty years' adventuring in the South American Matto Grasso is the plain fact that Sasha Siemel has lived to tell it. For violence and death are your constant companions in this horrifyingly fascinating land; if the jaguars or those monstrous little flesh-eating fish, the piranha, don't get you the chances are fairly good that you will be shot or knifed by one of the lawless breed of desperados who infest the swamps and decaying frontier villages of the Brazilian wilderness. Siemel's own brother Ernst was murdered from ambush in a revenge killing, and the author saw a homicidal enemy of his own ripped to shreds by a pack of piranha. "School" is hardly the collective designation for these razor-teethed throwbacks.

Matto Grosso itself is a throwback, probably the residue of some inland sea long receded, leaving thousands of square miles of rank, marshy valleys and humpbacked ridges. In the rainy season the valleys are flooded and men and animals perish each year by drowning. A few months later the tropical sun and the dry winds off the surrounding barren upland plains have left only stagnant pools, and the carcasses of stranded fish rotting on the ridge slopes fill the air with a deathly stench.

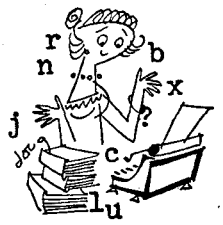
Not a very pretty picture, is it? Nor is it the place you would expect a fair-skinned native of Latvia to call home. Yet, young Alexander Siemel left his Baltic birthplace at the age of sixteen to join Ernst in Argentina, and together they made their way into the interior of Brazil, working as mechanics, silversmiths, diamond prospectors, always restlessly searching, for what they themselves could not even say. Sasha—diminutive for Alexander—was the more restless of the two, and it was that very restlessness which eventually forced the brothers to go their separate ways, Ernst to his death in a town in the Brazilian backwoods and his young brother into the jungles of Matto Grosso.

Sasha had come to realize what he wanted. It was to be a *tigrero,* a hunter of the South American jaguar, or *tigre,* with a spear. Only a few natives of the region qualified as *tigreros,* and only one of these, an ancient derelict of an Indian, had the reputation of being a lone spear-hunter. Siemel found this man, and a kinship developed between them. Under Joaquim Guato's guidance, Siemel became the only white *tigrero.*

IT was not a field in which he was likely to find much competition. The jaguar is a cunning creature, ranging up to ten feet in length and four hundred pounds in weight. His jaws can break a man's back, and his claws can rip open the side of a bull with a single stroke. Siemel became the *tigre's* master, for many years roaming the jungles alone until the strain became too great even for his steely nerves. Eventually he had to bring companions along with him on his *tigre*-hunting expeditions.

"Tigrero!" is a compact autobiography, its harrowing episodes related in an effectively matter-of-fact manner. While it probably won't stir

(*Continued on page* 56)



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE TANTALIZING TYPIST

A bookstore clerk unversed in the touch system inventoried a quantity of stock and contrived to make an error of a single letter in each of twenty entries. You are asked to emend his text and to assign each corrected title to the rightful author. If, of the forty pieces of information required, you dredge up thirty, you should be pleased but not elated, 31-35, happy but not satisfied, 36-40, moderately content (if 40, fully content). Answers on page 67.

FAULT	( ) James Boyd
TYPES	( ) Charlotte Brontë
WARDEN	( ) James Branch Cabell
GILLETTE	( ) Joseph Conrad
CALAVAN	( ) James Fenimore Cooper
DRUGS	( ) Walter D. Edmonds
BURGEN	( ) William Faulkner
THE SPA	( ) Edna Ferber
ROME PAUL	( ) Robert Frost
NIGHT IN AUGUST	( ) John Galsworthy
WODSWORTH	( ) J. W. von Goethe
ENOUGH HOPE	( ) Rudyard Kipling
GRUNDEL	( ) Sinclair Lewis
WOMAN BARTHOLOW	( ) Herman Melville
FUR TOWN	( ) Dorothy Parker
THE JINGLE BOOKS	( ) Kenneth Roberts
CHANGE	( ) Edwin Arlington Robinson
MOUNTAIN INTERNAL	( ) H. D. Thoreau
GRANT	( ) Oscar Wilde
THE SAPPY PRINCE	( ) Thornton Wilder

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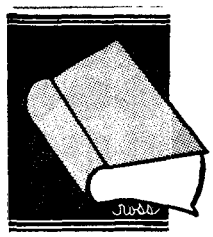

Judge in a Classic Form

Cyril Connolly's "Ideas and Places" (Harper. 280 pp. $3.50) is a collection of essays on a wide variety of matters, drawn from his distinguished magazine, Horizon.

By Lewis Vogler

IT IS now nearly four years since Cyril Connolly announced to a small but stricken audience that *Horizon* would close down after its tenth anniversary issue. Founded at London in January 1940, a few months after war had been declared, almost militantly belles-lettrist when (critics said) it should have been more political, *Horizon* had already survived the unlikeliest decade of little-magazine history. Because it published so much that was good and new, and because of its editor's own remarkable personality, *Horizon* remains a unique symbol of embattled Art.

"Connolly's policy," wrote Stephen Spender (a co-founder along with Peter Watson), "was to publish what he liked. *Horizon* was always his." What the brilliantly idiosyncratic Connolly liked—and was able to get—included work from some of the century's most distinguished writers: Auden, Forster, Eliot, Orwell (a schoolmate of Connolly's at Eton), Waugh, Isherwood, and Huxley, of course. Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, Eudora Welty, Paul Bowles, and Mary McCarthy were among the Americans. Other international writers were Arturo Barea, Gide, Koestler, Moravia, Pasternak, Malraux, Eluard. The paintings of Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, Joan Miro, Klee, Max Ernst, and Juan Gris adorned its center pages. Contributions came from Croce, Santayana, and Bertrand Russell. Augustus John's "Fragment of an Autobiography" ran to some fifteen instalments. Cecil Beaton (another schoolmate), Bernard Berenson, and James Thrall Soby wrote on painting; LeCorbusier on architecture.

And—warming to these recollections—one might go on to recall the "Novelist-Philosopher" articles dealing with writers from Stendhal and Turgeniev to Hemingway and Nathanael West; or the travel series, "Where Shall John Go?," describing visits to Chile, Ceylon, New Orleans, or the Great Barrier Reef. Studies of "Genius" included such diverse figures as Hafiz, St. John of the Cross, and Leopardi. There was an Irish number which was banned in Dublin, a Swiss number, and double number in October 1947, called "Art on the American Horizon." It is worth mentioning, incidentally, that more than half of *Horizon*'s 9,000 subscribers were American.

Not least among *Horizon*'s excellences were editor Connolly's own contributions and pungent "Comment." "Ideas and Places" is largely a collection of the latter, written between 1944 and 1949—from D-Day to Hail and Farewell. Taken together—which is perhaps not the best way to read them—they form an interesting impression of what might be called the literary condition as well as the declining morale of *Horizon* "under a losing peace."

One or two show the optimism which flickered at the war's end. "Paradise Regained" tells of a stimulating visit to the French Resistance writers in Paris. There are three superb travel pieces, reminding us not only that "Baedeker is still the antidote to Baudelaire" but also that Connolly is one of the best of travel writers, conveying exactly his own sense of exhilaration and renewal. One describes an escape to Switzerland from war-gray England. Another, "An American Injection," teems with pertinent observation, and the third explores the Bordeaux and Dordogne region.

Generally, however, the editorials concern themselves with what even his most casual reader will recognize as Connolly's most obsessive theme: "The Writer's Predicament." He sees this steadily worsening in a period of "inflationary decadence, a time when rewards increase as standards decline" and in "The Cost of Letters" reprints the often amusing and always serious answers of a number of leading English writers to *Horizon*'s inquiry on the amount of money a writer needs and what he ought to do to get it. He deplores the fact that most of England's talented writers have, as "hardworking officials, publishers, teachers, etc.," become "culture diffusionists, selling culture for a living like the Aga Khan his bath water," but examining the question of state assistance to the artist, finds himself preferring the neglect of literature to the kind of regimentation illustrated rather chillingly in "The Fifth Form at St. Joe's."

Two or three of his parodies "in jugular vein" have been included, along with a little-known and curious piece of Stendhal's, and a "translation" of Jarry's "Ubu Cocu," a mildly scatological morality done for a Christmas issue. The concluding essay is an astutely descriptive "Farewell to Surrealism."

IT IS easy enough for a Connolly enthusiast to complain that "Ideas and Places" is not one of his other books—or not quite the one we have been waiting for. The most self-exploring of critics, he suggests himself that it sometimes has a "screeching" tone, that the preoccupation with the sickness of soul of modern literature may have resulted from his own "guilty sterility." It is true that Connolly does seem to have specialized without quite wanting to—the mark of the age?—on writer's frustrations. "Enemies of Promise," which appeared just before *Horizon*, analyzed styles and schools of modern writing more or less in terms of obstacles to it, and was half a witty autobiography. And his even more remarkable "The Unquiet Grave," which came in 1945, was an intense effort to find cause-and-effect in himself of the external, world difficulties he was noting and deploring in *Horizon*. It is the lucid mis-à-nu of a twentieth-century intellectual humanist, seeking—and displaying admittedly—himself in minor texts: Tibullus, Saint-Beuve, Chamson, Rimbaud. Yet beneath the determinedly minor notes of grace and elegance it is impossible to miss the larger ones of universal despair. One sees that Connolly's own frustrations—his standards are very high—is the very basis for his excellence as critic and literary moralist.

One says, after "Ideas and Places"—what next? Meanwhile *Horizon* retains a remarkable afterglow. And Connolly himself remains one of our most spirited prophets of decline, one of our most edged opponents of mediocrity and everything that threatens human originality. He speaks easily of art, which he considers an indispensable luxury, he is never dull or pedantic, his wit is instructive, and he is always great fun to read. He has genuine gifts of style and grace, of wit and elegance, of clarity and precision. These things do seem to be getting rarer in a world about which he may, after all, be dead right.

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Young Man with a Tongue

"Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland," edited by Frederick A. Pottle *(McGraw-Hill. 357 pp. $5), the third volume in Yale's definitive edition of James Boswell's writings, continues his account of his youthful peregrinations. Leonard Bacon, our reviewer, is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet and translator of "The Lusiads of Luis de Camoens."*

By Leonard Bacon

FOR the third time since his relics have come to light James Boswell appears in a work which can only be described in rather helpless superlatives, a circumstance apt to confirm many beside the reviewer in the opinion that few greater artists than the queer Laird of Auchinlech have ever slung the English. If the subsequent volumes of the tremendous series have the same uranium content as the first three—but it is silly to raise the question. Malahide and Fettercairn have already yielded enough radioactive ore to convince all reasonable men, however the finds may have startled some persons who mistrust vanity, error, and enthusiasm in another, because such matters may undermine their own ill-grounded self-respect.

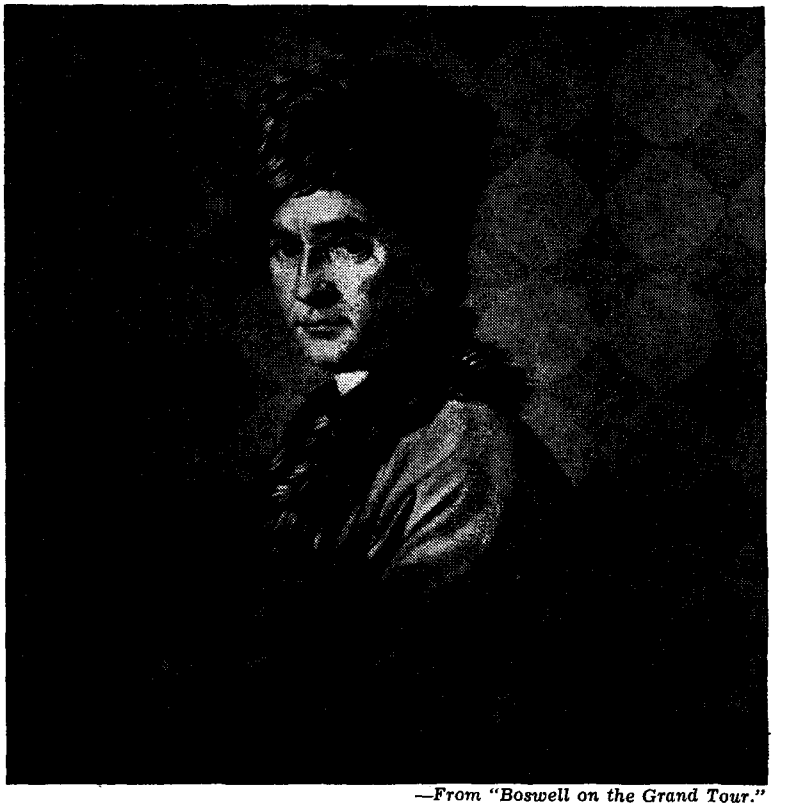
Part of "Boswell on the Grand Tour" has already been printed in a "King's Ransom" limited edition, but enough new matter has been added and woven with wonderful editorial skill into Boswell's journal of his travels to make this a new and overwhelming book. The Boswell who is writing about men and cities in the summer, autumn, and winter of 1764 has perhaps changed a little from the headlong scapegrace of the 1763 journal, no doubt because of the rigors of the iron half-year at Utrecht. However, there is still time and disposition to relapse into self-indulgence and consequent remorse. Thus, after one especially flagrant and vulgar intrigue with a chocolatière in Berlin, he can reflect that "your elegant mystics," like Madame Guyon, are "of the opinion that sin should be forgotten as soon as possible, as being an idea too gross for the mind of a saint, and disturbing the exercise of sweet devotion." Naiveté, irony, and guilt (Frederick A. Pottle, the editor, points out that this escapade rankled longer in his mind than "the flippant tone" suggests) never combined in a stranger psychological compound.

But it is about an earlier and more protracted liaison with the daughter of a benefactor and the wife of a friend that he positively must confess himself to Rousseau. One may fancy he would have done the same to Frederick the Great, if his efforts to meet that monarch had not broken down. Boswell's friend and Frederick's, the great Earl Marischal Keith, would do nothing about that introduction. Boswell's thumbnail sketch of the unapproachable prince on the parade at Potsdam exhibits in a few sentences all that Carlyle could paint in many pages:

> I saw the King . . . He was dressed in a suit of plain blue, with a star, and a plain hat with a white feather. He had in his hand a cane. The sun shone bright. He stood before his palace, with an air of iron confidence that could not be opposed. As a lodestone moves needles, or a storm bows the lofty oaks, did Frederick the Great make the Prussian officers submissive bend as he walked majestic in the midst of them.

"Der Herr Baron" Boswell's account of his progress among the petty German courts and the often embryonic German universities (many and famous ones are younger than Harvard or Yale), lights up brilliantly a lot of dim places that have their interest.

AT Dessau we find Boswell hunting stags rather than personalities with much enjoyment, it being quite clear that the reigning house, though pleasant enough, isn't up to Brunswick and certainly in no danger of patronizing any future mathematical prodigy. At the University of Leipzig he picks up, *en passant*, Gellert, "the German Gay," whose "conversation was like that of an old lady," perhaps an underestimate, for the two failed to understand each other in three languages. Later a glimpse of Halle makes him rejoice that he isn't a student there. He is furious at the scant consideration shown his obvious distinction by the Elector Palatine's gentry at Mannheim. We are glad that the draft of a savage letter to the Elector's chamberlain has been preserved, and rather sorry that it was probably never sent. On the



—From "Boswell on the Grand Tour."

Jean Jacques Rousseau—"successful frontal attack."

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other hand, Boswell has no hesitation in repaying the charming courtesies of the Court of Baden-Durlach by asking the friendly and intelligent Margrave in good set terms for the star of the Order of Fidelity. This he apparently just missed getting by mischance, which brings us to the Swiss frontier and main objectives.

HOW he broke through Rousseau's defenses at Môtiers only Boswell himself is qualified to tell. Yet Rousseau in a letter (accidentally unsealed) to a third person, which Boswell was not meant to read but did, fairly owned that Boswell had made good his boast (in the unexampled epistle by which he introduced himself) that he was worthy to know Jean Jacques. No exact parallel to this method of approaching ailing greatness is known. The record of the conversation of a few days is as vivid as anything in the "Life of Johnson," and quite as piercing. After this remarkable and successful frontal attack we are not unprepared for the brilliant flank march on Voltaire's niece, whereby Boswell made his entry into more heavily fortified Ferney. The reader is at once appalled and diverted by the celestial impudence of the boy of twenty-four, who, in a cockeyed tête-à-tête, demands to know if Voltaire at seventy is sincere. Voltaire referred him to Dr. Tronchin, who had seen him at death's door and fearless, hence sincere. Boswell made sure. He called on Tronchin, who gave Voltaire a clean bill. The logic is not crystalline, but we know that our Redeemer liveth.

What are the feeble children of contemporary change to say about a man who more than a century and a half after he was well buried issues forth and with every fresh page puts himself infinitely above and beyond the sneers of Macaulay and the praise of Carlyle? Only what has been said before and will be said again with increasing emphasis, namely, that Boswell understood greatness in others because he had an ineffably odd brand of greatness of his own. That is why he grows more alive from year to year as his journals and letters and notes get into print. And that is why, as has been often remarked, Johnson, Rousseau, Voltaire, Reynolds, Oglethorpe, Paoli (only Frederick the Great escaped, which is too bad) responded alike to the off-beat charm and eccentric intelligence of the drunken Scottish rake, who created the art of biography and discovered that, if you wish to study the mind of man it is well to examine that commonplace enigma in terms of a four-dimensional space-time continuum.

—Patrick O'Higgins.

Colette—"zest for life."

Maman the Authoress

"My Mother's House and Sido," by Colette *(translated by Una Vincenzo Troubridge and Enid McLeod. Farrar, Straus & Young. 219 pp. $3.50), are two autobiographical memoirs, bound in a single volume, of the girlhood of the great French writer.*

By Rosemary Carr Benet

THREE, and possibly four, of Colette's best books—and she is the first to admit that this is true—were inspired by her mother, the remarkable Adele-Eugénie-Sidonie Landoy Colette, or "Sido." It is reassuring in an age where the maternal tie is regarded with distrust and suspicion; when, thanks to psychiatrists, every mother thinks of the silver cord in about the same light as the hangman's noose, to find that something admirable, something permanent and strong came out of this relationship.

To be sure, the ladies in question were neither of them exactly a typical mother or daughter. Both had extraordinary vitality, a zest for life, and unusual powers of observation—natures with the vigor and flavor of good Burgundy wine. Each was outspoken with the other, honest and forthright. They had full lives. The mother married twice, the daughter three times. They talk frankly, which is unusual between generations, of love and sex and all domestic problems. They share a common passion for plants and animals, particularly cats. (Sido scorned Paris meteorologists, preferring to tell the weather by her cat's behavior.) They love getting up early, the country, and nature in all its forms.

And, most remarkable of all, each one possesses in writing, the finest of French styles, French prose at its truest and best. Years ago I thought the talented daughter might have rewritten her mother's letters a little, almost without meaning to, but Roger Senhouse, in his introduction to the new one-volume edition of two of Colette's best books, "My Mother's House" and "Sido," speaks of seeing a bundle of Sido's letters and I take that to mean unedited letters, in her own writing. Colette says in "Sido," "I used to imitate her way of talking and still do." She may have imitated her way of writing as well and inherited that fine prose style as one does a family jewel. In "La Naissance du Jour," to my way of thinking the best of all the books about Sido, since it includes many of her marvelous letters, Colette says, "Which of us then, is the better writer? Is it not startlingly clear that it is she? (*D'elle, de moi, qui donc est le meilleur ecrivain? N'eclate-t-il pas que c'est elle?*)" Well, I wouldn't want to choose between them.

"My Mother's House" is taken from "La Maison de Claudine," published in 1922. "Sido" came out seven years later. (Sido herself died in 1912) well up in her seventies.) Colette says that in her own old age she feels near to her. "La Maison de Claudine," or "My Mother's House," is largely autobiographical and is the first of the Claudine series to be done without the scabrous shadow of Willy, Colette's first husband and collaborator. By rights it doesn't belong in that series at all. It stands alone, for this is Colette herself speaking, not Claudine. There is a morning freshness about it all. A view of life in a little French town, Saint Sauveur in Burgundy, seen largely through the eyes of Colette and Sido. A picture of the neighbors, of the young Colette, of all her family. Sido had four children, two by her first marriage, two by her second. Aside from the fact that the others presented problems, there is no question but that her favorite, her ewe lamb, was the one named for her but always called by the father's family name, Colette, the one whom Sido calls Minet-Chéri, her "incomparable" little girl, her *joyau-tout-en-or.*

SOMEWHERE in the background, though in the heredity chart very important, is father Captain Jules Joseph Colette. There was a man! Colette says a little apologetically, "My attention, my fervent admiration were all for Sido and only fitfully strayed from her," and then adds, "It was just the same

(*Continued on page* 64)

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Stay Home for Perspective

ONE thing a long trip is supposed to do is to enable you to develop some perspective on America. The idea seems to be that if you can just put enough miles between you and the United States everything will become clear, fall into place. Don't believe it.

At a distance the picture of America becomes distorted, strange. And the farther away you get the more unrecognizable the image of America becomes. By the time I got half way around the world, traveling from West to East, I realized that if I wanted a true perspective of America the only place I could get it was inside America itself. For the climate abroad these days is too fogged up by recriminations, hostilities, misconceptions, and misimpressions for a clear view of the U. S.

Generally this climate goes by the name of anti-Americanism, to which many travelers, correspondents, and friends of America have called attention. But not all of it, strictly speaking, is anti-Americanism. Some of it takes the form of constructive criticism. It is important to remember that there is nothing unnatural about this criticism. It is natural for America to be conspicuous. No nation could have as much power and inexperience in world affairs as we have without attracting attention and apprehension.

The fact that the problem is a natural one, however, does not mean that it is not also serious. The argument between America and Russia will not be settled by any showdown between the two countries, whether that showdown is cold or hot. That argument can be decided only by the convictions of the people outside both countries or orbits. And, people being what they are, they are not likely to be impressed with power alone; they will respond to the kind of greatness in which a sense of justice is manifest and supreme and is addressed to the making of a better world for an excitingly large variety of peoples.

If we are to deal with the twisted notions about America, therefore, we must begin with some knowledge of their origin. These misconceptions are the result of many things. In part they are the result of bad reporting from the United States, whether in the form of on-the-spot correspondence or articles reprinted directly from the American press. In part they are the result of distortions in the making for many years, deepened by thousands of motion pictures featuring quick violence, shoddy politics, and shabby romance. In part, too, these misimpressions are the result of organized propaganda, especially the propaganda that makes the most of the weird things we say about ourselves and that feeds on our own mistakes, public and private. There are many parts to the whole, in fact, and they contribute to a general climate that is damaging to America.

IN COPENHAGEN, for example, a newspaper editor who ought to know better told me he feared that the American people were only a few steps away from right-wing totalitarianism. In West Berlin one of the anti-Communist leaders said he believed the American people were in a state of uncontrollable jitters and might touch off an atomic chain reaction. And in Vienna I picked up the astonishing misinformation from a professor of English literature that the city of Chicago included on its loyalty oath for teachers a question about the *Chicago Tribune*, and that criticism of the *Tribune* was regarded as a possible clue to subversive attitudes. It was in Vienna, too, that I met a retired businessman who told me he felt sorry for Americans, and also a little weary when he thought about the things that were about to happen to us.

"When we read about the same things happening in your country that happened in Germany and Austria twenty years ago we feel sorry that you have to go through the whole business from start to finish," he said. "We've had our Hitler; you've got McCarthy. Hitler created an atmosphere of terror before he came to power. He started to throw names around and he had the trick of making it seem that anyone who disagreed with him was tied up with Communism or was somehow unpatriotic. He was successful in making people believe that the only way you could prove you were a good German was by joining his gang and doing whatever he told you to do."

As he spoke it occurred to me that one of the difficulties in discussing Senator McCarthy abroad is that if you attempt to present a balanced view, describing the situation as you know it to exist, you run into the danger that people will think you are either belittling the man or apologizing for him. Even so, I felt the need to pursue the matter.

"Isn't your analogy just a little too pat?" I asked. "Aren't there some special historical factors in each case that make a direct comparison pretty risky? In the case of Hitler wasn't he larger than the causes that he claimed created him? Wasn't it a case of an individual transferring his obsessions, fears, and ambitions to a nation? In McCarthy's case isn't the reverse of this situation more nearly true? Don't we have to deal with the fact that America is going through a period of intense frustration? We have been arming mightily for five years for one purpose: to increase our security. And yet we are even more insecure today than we were when we began. Like an individual who cannot use his available strength to decrease his insecurity, we are turning our power on ourselves. McCarthyism—which is to say a national feeling of dissatisfaction, uneasiness, insecurity—is much deeper than McCarthy. Strange as it may seem, there are many things that pass under the name of McCarthyism that have no connection with the Senator from Wisconsin and would, I believe, exist even if there were no such person. If McCarthy were to disappear tomorrow a dozen men would jump

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up to take his place, some of them a great deal worse. And they would be the products of the same conditions of frustration, uncertainty, lack of goals."

"Even so," my friend replied, "there's hardly any point in discussing the matter. The conditions that produced McCarthy are too basic. Besides, I don't see any countering trends in the United States. There's no opposition to him. And that's what I mean when I say that I feel a little weary when I see what is happening in America. You're in the grip of something that's a lot bigger than you are and there's very little you can do about it. As I say, it's a shame you have to go through the same thing we did . . ."

When I told my Viennese companion that he was greatly mistaken when he said there was no opposition he seemed surprised. I told him of the important American newspapers and magazines which didn't sound as though they had been throttled when they criticized McCarthy. I told him of criticism within the Republican Party itself. As for the larger question of McCarthyism, he was equally wrong when he said there were no countering indications. I told him of the Tarantino-Bruner case in California, in which a schoolteacher was awarded $55,000 in punitive damages because she had been unjustly accused of being a Communist. I told him of effective action by the Governor of Maryland in behalf of citizens who had been unjustly labeled. I mentioned a half-dozen similar incidents to indicate that this was by no means the runaway situation he thought it was.

"Very well, then," he countered, "but then how is it that we hear about none of these things? All we see are the big headlines which make it seem that the United States is in danger of losing its freedoms the day after tomorrow. Why doesn't your USIS do something about it?"

THAT was a good question. The USIS —United States Information Service— was operating under wraps. There were things it couldn't report without getting into trouble with the men back home who had to provide the appropriations. Besides, our essential information services had just been cut to the point where our entire program was in jeopardy. Our bookmobile service, which carried lecturers and projection and phonograph equipment, in addition to books and periodicals, had just been cut by one third. A book translation program under which Austrian publishers were able to translate and issue forty American books each year had just been cut in half. Our information centers were to be reduced by one third. Our radio and motion-picture program had just been reduced by about one fourth. At a time when we should be stepping up our total operations, sharpening up our objectives, hitting faster and harder in order to correct and offset the twisted impressions of America, we were cutting down. It was something difficult to explain to a Viennese; I couldn't understand it myself.

"If you get a chance," my Viennese friend said, "You might stroll over to the Russian sector and see some of the information and propaganda services they provide. They take this thing seriously even if you don't. You might go inside some of these centers and look around a bit. Some of them make you look like a small, poor country by comparison."

DURING the next few days I looked into the Soviet propaganda operations. The first thing that struck me was that the Soviet employed at least three times as many persons as we did, with services far more extensive than ours. In checking with our own Embassy people I was able to confirm the three-to-one personnel ratio. I also learned that the Soviet was spending approximately $25,000,000 a year for all its special information or propaganda services, as against one fourth that amount available to us under the terms of the new appropriation.

We were reducing our display centers; the Soviet was in the process of building up. Not far from the place where we used to have our main USIS facilities the Soviet had just opened up a seven-story building. I decided to pay it a visit. I found it an impressive modern building with luxurious facilities. There was nothing austere or bleak about this particular information center. The reading rooms were attractively designed and well lighted. Books and periodicals were in abundance. I noticed that some of the novels that had been barred from the American center — particularly those by Howard Fast—were prominently displayed. Other floors of the Soviet Information Center were given over to Soviet art exhibits or science displays or handicrafts. There were also lecture halls and meeting rooms.

Then I visited the largest bookstore in Vienna. It was operated as an adjunct to the Soviet information center. The books were reasonably priced—some of them cut far down below the cost of manufacture. An illustrated magazine about life in the Soviet—several sizes larger than *Life*, printed on more expensive paper—was being sold for perhaps one fifth of what it cost to produce. The shop was well patronized.

After that I visited the large theatre that had been taken over by the Soviet for its propaganda movies or dramatic productions or ballets or special lectures. It was one of the largest theatres in Vienna, centrally situated and well kept.

AFTER seeing something of the scope of the Communist propaganda operations the surprise to me was that all these facilities could be operated for $25,000,000 a year. What about the people themselves? Were they attracted to the Soviet propaganda lures? The surprising news is that we still outdraw the Soviet, despite our inferior budget and facilities. But we are losing customers. We are losing customers because we are no longer able to say that our business is information rather than deliberate propaganda. The debate in Congress had made it clear to the world that our libraries and information services had better do a tougher *propaganda* job. The result is the obvious one: people who don't want to be propagandized are beginning to stay away.

Vienna wasn't the only place in the world where I was able to observe the high cost of false economy. Wherever I went it was the same story—prune, cut, reduce, trim, save, squeeze, shorten, amalgamate. How much we would have to spend later to regain lost ground has not been made clear. Nor has it been made clear where the United States Government is going to find the competent personnel it needs in order to hold its own in the war of ideas in the world. Apart from and in addition to those who have been dismissed for a wide variety of reasons, not all of them having to do with loyalty, are the hundreds of loyal, highly-skilled Americans who have left because they have felt it was becoming increasingly difficult to do their best.

A full and reasonably operated information service cannot by itself restore America to proper focus in the eyes of the world. Only our day-to-day actions and the things we stand for can fully do that. But even that requires a voice. And it leaves open the job of protecting the good name of the American people and projecting the story of our purposes to the rest of the world. That job is necessary. That job is important. That job is not now being adequately done. —N. C.

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THE McCOLLUM CASE

IN HIS REVIEW of Leo Pfeffer's book, "Church, State, and Freedom" [*SR* Nov. 7], Willard L. Sperry mistakenly says that "the verdict in the McCollum case was a matter of five justices against four. . . ." Actually, the verdict in the McCollum case was a matter of eight justices against one.

STANLEY LICHTENSTEIN.

Takoma Park, Md.

"HOLLYWOOD VERDICT"

ARTHUR MAYER'S ARTICLE on the "adult movie" question in Hollywood was an interesting piece [*SR* Oct. 31], and I was gratified to see the perspective with which some big men in Hollywood can view their own products. Particularly interesting was the importance Mr. Mayer assigned to the "art movie house in Fargo, as well as in Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago."

Now, however, I want to raise my hand in protest against fastening blame on the intellectuals of the country who "criticize the Hollywood film, instead of shelling out in support of those films which attempt to be adult."

Comparing the American audience situation with the European audience, say in Norway, with which I am familiar, an immediate difference is apparent. People in Oslo, for instance, go to movies when they see a film they like. Hollywood cannot live on this type of audience—Hollywood's immense productive capacity requires a large segment of the population (and today this segment is mostly under the age of twenty) visiting their neighborhood or downtown theatre regularly, *regardless* of what is showing. Now, it stands to reason that in this mass assembly-line production of films a formula job, technically excellent but artistically lacking, is easier to produce than one which relies more on good material and sound dramatic handling than on showy or flashy effects. Hollywood shapes the desires of its own market, on which the corps of intellectuals in our country could make no dent were they twice the present number.

A solution may lie, not in the "prestige picture," which I, of course, hope will continue, but in an attempt to gradually raise the level of the standard fare of average movie-goers to come up to the industry's own inherent potential. In such a case the film industry could then point to a sense of responsibility proclaiming it an artistic, as well as a business enterprise.

FRANK MANHEIM.

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEBATERS NOT CREATORS

BRAVO FOR MR. ST. JOHN and his "Fifth Freedom" [*SR* Oct. 10]. It's about time someone looked realistically at the contagion of our times—that in making a fetish of democracy we are fast sliding into mediocrity.

It is not that our potential leaders lack the *capacity* for greatness—rather they lack the spark, the inner spirit, that creates rather than imitates. It seems we have come to the same point the Romans once did—we have too many debators and not enough creators. The true artist, whether he be in politics or the arts, relies mainly on his wellspring of *new* ideas, his ability to create a fresh perspective. America in this era has not fostered the new or the different; she has only fostered conformity within her own materialistic microcosm.

That "ringing message" which we hope America will soon tune in on will probably spring from deeper streams than our own—ones which have mellowed with the ages. Perhaps it will come from the East and flow to the West: here to gather fresh momentum and "fire the will" of the world.

LOUISE NELSON.

Wauwatosa, Wis.

"The next time you pick a front for us, Louey, don't make it an antique shop!"

MONOLOGIST

I AGREE WITH MOST of the evaluation of "The Ladies of the Corridor," which Mr. Hewes dissects [*SR* Nov. 7].

However, on the subject of the soliloquy delivered by Betty Field in the play your critic suggests that it is a retaliation by authors Parker and D'Usseau for the long soliloquy written by Miss Field's husband (Elmer Rice) for Mr. Zero in "The Adding Machine."

What Mr. Hewes has overlooked is the fact that Miss Parker is (and for some time has been) far more adept at composing monologues than at writing plays, as exemplified by "The Waltz," "At the Telephone," etc.

EDWIN L. LEVY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

OMISSION

AS AN ADMIRER of the prose of Horace Sutton, I wonder who wrote that atrabilious review of his book, "Confessions of a Grand Hotel," published in your issue of Nov. 14.

WALTER WRAY.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *By error the reviewer's name was omitted. The review was the work of Stanley Walker, former city editor of the* New York Herald Tribune *and author of "Mrs. Astor's Horse" and other books of Americana.*

"AUGUST MOON"

IN THE REVIEW of "The Teahouse of the August Moon" [*SR* Oct. 31] Mr. Hewes refers to the British as past conquerors of Okinawa. This is not strictly true. A British squadron visited Okinawa in 1852, and the commander, Captain Basil Hall, with a group of his men forced his way into the royal audience hall. This rudeness was so unsettling to the Queen Dowager that she took to her bed and was still there when Commodore Perry called almost a year later. The American was a better diplomat than the Englishman, for after some negotiations he completed a trade treaty between the United States and the Okinawan kingdom.

ROBERT HODGES.

Webster Groves, Mo.

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SATURDAY REVIEW / NOVEMBER 21, 1953

SR/REPORTS TO AMERICA • No. 1

INDUSTRY *and the Liberal Arts*

IN THE last decade a significant new trend has appeared on American college and university campuses: fewer and fewer students are majoring in the fields of the liberal arts, choosing instead engineering, chemistry, and other more "practical" subjects that command higher immediate rewards in the employment market. The discussions printed on the following pages disclose how this has come about and point out the dangers the trend holds for our national culture, our industry, and the young men and women now entering adult life. This material is drawn from an exchange between representatives of industry and the liberal arts meeting at a College English Association Institute at Corning, N. Y., in October 1953. *The Saturday Review* presents it as the first of a series of REPORTS TO AMERICA, to be published from time to time as the occasion arises, dealing with matters of broad public interest that have not been adequately reported in the press.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?
Definition by John Henry Cardinal Newman

OUR CULTURAL CLIMATE
The New Illiteracy, by William H. Whyte, Jr.
A Dissent, by William G. Caples

WHY INDUSTRY NEEDS THE LIBERAL ARTS
Discussions by Courtney C. Brown, Carter Davidson, Julian Street, Jr.

CHOOSING AND USING INDUSTRIAL LEADERS
Discussions by Albert J. Nickerson, Courtney C. Brown

IMPROVING LIBERAL ARTS TEACHING
Discussions by Elmer E. Schattschneider, Alvin C. Eurich, Frederic E. Pamp, Jr., Howard Lee Nostrand, John Ciardi

IMPROVING OUR CULTURAL CLIMATE
Discussions by Francis Fergusson, Gilbert W. Chapman

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Introduction

LAST spring, with the approach of final examinations and Commencement Day, representatives of more than 600 large companies descended upon the campuses of the nation's colleges and universities in search of seniors who would make likely new employes. Personnel recruitment of this sort became standard business practice during the Twenties, but since the end of World War II the effort has been far better organized and conducted on a far more extensive scale.

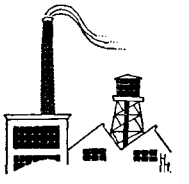
In the last half-dozen years the recruiters have made it strikingly clear, through the notices they post on college bulletin boards and through the type of men they actually hire, that their primary concern is to find promising specialists—engineers, chemists, physicists, and the like—rather than graduates with the generalized education afforded by the liberal arts. Reports from several campuses, published in an article, "Should a Businessman Be Educated?" in the April 1953 issue of *Fortune*, document the trend. At Yale, for example, of sixty-six manufacturing companies reserving interviewing space in 1950 only eighteen indicated willingness to consider liberal-arts graduates. The following year only fifteen of ninety-one companies seemed interested in them. In 1952 only sixteen of 117 manufacturing companies gave the bachelors of arts a look. However, eleven banks, twenty-one insurance companies, and sixteen department stores did think enough of the liberal arts to give its men a hearing. This year at Johns Hopkins University the first 200 recruiters to appear on the campus indicated their preferences: 145 sought engineers, thirty-nine specialists of other kinds, while but sixteen were in the market for majors in the liberal arts. Little wonder that many colleges are reporting a sharp falling off in the number of majors in English and other departments of the liberal arts, as undergraduates scramble to take courses in "practical" subjects that will find a readier market.

This trend has alarmed friends of the liberal arts, for it is these disciplines that in the past have provided business and the professions with the majority of their leaders. Moreover, the teachers of the humanities have traditionally served as custodians of the liberal tradition in America; if their numbers decrease or their influence diminishes our national culture will inevitably be impoverished. One group that decided to do something about this danger is the College English Association, an organization of some two thousand college and university teachers of English. In the past several years the CEA, under the dynamic leadership of its executive secretary, Professor Maxwell H. Goldberg of the University of Massachusetts, has held five institutes in various parts of the country concerned with the relationship of the humanities, and especially English, to present-day society. The most recent CEA Institute, to which the Corning Glass Works played host at the Corning Glass Center, Corning, N. Y., addressed itself squarely to the problem of Industry and the Liberal Arts. For three days, October 15, 16, and 17, 125 college teachers and administrators, executives and representatives of business, exchanged ideas on the role the liberal arts are playing and should play in American education, industry, and society as a whole.

For the first in its series of REPORTS TO AMERICA *SR* is pleased to present some of the fruits of this conference. Because of limitations of space, it has been practicable to record only a few of the questions posed and the suggestions proffered. To supplement them *SR* has asked Gilbert W. Chapman, president of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, to comment on the basic issues of the discussion. It is our hope that this report will encourage widespread consideration of a condition of contemporary American life that will affect our society for years to come.

For their assistance in preparing this material for the press the editors of *SR* are especially grateful to the following staff members of the CEA Institute: Dr. Goldberg, Professor Bruce Dearing of Swarthmore College, and Professor Lee Holt of American International College. In planning the Institute program, besides the three gentlemen just named, assistance beyond the normal call of duty was furnished by the following officers, past and present, of the CEA: Professor Robert T. Fitzhugh of Brooklyn College, Professor Donald J. Lloyd of Wayne University, Professor Ernest E. Leisy of Southern Methodist University, Professor William L. Werner of Pennsylvania State College, and President Gordon Keith Chalmers of Kenyon College. Thanks are due also to representatives of a score of business firms and associations who assisted in laying plans and to the staff of the Corning Glass Center, who proved themselves exemplary hosts to the gathering.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.



A Liberal Education . . .

. . . is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his wont, how to influence them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its results.

—JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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—Monsanto

The New Illiteracy

By WILLIAM H. WHYTE, Jr., *assistant managing editor,* Fortune *magazine.*

WE HEAR much about the reawakening interest in the humanities, the new appreciation of the generalness in the liberal arts, the growing dissatisfaction with overspecialization. Maybe so. But these signs are minute, I suggest, to those coming from the other direction. I offer the proposition that the trends that have been working against the humanities are likely to increase, not decrease, in the decade ahead.

I make the proposition because of a belief that the low estate of the humanities is intimately related with a philosophy of society that is coming to be the dominant cultural movement in the United States. The decline in English majors, the vocationalizing of college curriculums —these are no isolated phenomena; basically they are all of a piece with a great many other superficially different problems. They are the outward manifestations of a cohesive ideology, the effects of which can just as easily be traced in such disparate fields as advertising, popular magazine fiction, and life in suburbia.

Wherever it may be found and in whatever form the new illiteracy is nourished by several simple articles of faith. The essence of them is this: First, the individual exists only as a member of a group. He fulfils himself only as he works with others; of himself he is nothing. His tensions, his frustrations—these are penalties for his failure at adjustment, and they should, at all costs, be exercised. Ideally there should be no conflict between man and society, and the good world that we must strive for is one in which all are harmonious with one another and in which the measure of a man's activity is how well he contributes to that harmony. Above all else he must *get along.*

Now, is this simply a way of describing a point of view, a way of talking about uniformity? Not at all. To a degree people have always been conformists and always will be; what we are talking about is the open, articulate rationalization of conformity into something almost akin to a religion. For these tenets, these propositions are openly, indeed evangelistically, spoken, and they are being spoken more and more often. This is the heartland of the new illiteracy. In each field—be it industry, education, advertising—leading thinkers of the new illiteracy phrase the lesson with different vocabularies, all varying in the degree of fatuousness but all in the central moral united.

Let's take industry first. Its leaders all acknowledge, indeed boast, a debt to science. For if it is true that adjustment to the system is the desideratum then it follows that in proper methodology lies salvation, and a good many social scientists who ought to know better are busily at work dignifying this. They are not to be laughed away; horrendous as their jargon may be, it is a sort of uniting force which ennobles what so many people would like to hear. It is, to borrow a word, a highly interdisciplinary vocabulary.

As an example of how this relationship can work let's take a look at advertising for a moment. Advertising, as most of its more intelligent practitioners freely concede, is badly written and lacks imagination. What is the answer—more imagination, better writing?

Ah, but this is too simple. We are not dealing with the old verities, we are told. We are dealing with mass communication. Let us not, then, bother to study the lessons of the dead past. Ours is a scientific problem; it is essentially the determination of consensus. So the need is not for writers; the need is for technicians of mass communication, technologists of semantics, men skilled in action research and scientific measurement. There is, of course, one apparent drawback to polls and surveys: they are based on what is already existent. They test only what has been tried before; they cannot find out from people whether they would like something new, something untried, for people cannot answer what they do not know. But no matter. A speaker at a highly respectable conference at Columbia University explained it this way: "The belief is still general that outstanding pieces of writing are produced under a mysterious force called inspiration. The literary approach to writing, therefore, leads to a dead end. Science offers a way through all these difficulties . . . The technologist must sacrifice the possibility of superior communication in exchange for certainty that his work will meet a commercial standard."

If this advice were cynical it wouldn't be so bad. The trouble is, it isn't cynical. This is not mere counsel to lower your sights so you can make more money; it is advice on how to help society, and the moral is one a lot of people are glad to subscribe to. Nowadays if you prostitute the language, if you assault the dignity of the individual—if you strap a woman in a chair and place electrodes on her to chart her reactions to advertising (as a recent picture in *Advertising Age* demonstrated) —if you do these things you need feel no twinge of guilty conscience: you are getting the consensus. Soap operas? As a recent survey by the University of Chicago's Lloyd Warner demonstrated, these can be looked on as a service to society; illusory as their content may be, they help a large segment of our population adjust.

LET'S LOOK at another sector for a moment: the corporation. What cues are being offered? What has made for the emergence of the corporation as the dominant organization form in our society? It is due a great

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deal to the imagination and vigor of its past leaders. Will its future depend on these qualities too? A great many corporation people think so. A great many others, however, do not, and a *very* large proportion of the trainees coming in agree with them.

This is not the time to examine the way the human-relations philosophy has evolved since the famous experiments of Elton Mayo back in the Twenties. But it is fair to simplify to the extent of saying that what began as a healthy response to the needs of our increasingly complex organization is fast degenerating into something else. Today, as many interpret it, human relations means that the worker—whether he is in the shop or in the carpeted office—fulfils himself by making his peace with the system. It is the constant, he the variable. The most important thing in an organization is the maintenance of its equilibrium. Where is the spark to come from? From the sheer harmony of the group. To a degree these ideas are correct. For better or worse, we are living in an age of great organization. To express one's self in an organization one must be able to get along with other people. So be it. But how much—where do you draw the line?

I think a very clear case can be made that in far too many corporations, and in far too many of the courses that prepare men for the corporation, the emphasis on getting along has become almost deafening. Conversely, more and more the inner quality is deprecated. Let me give you an example. In connection with a study *Fortune* has just completed on junior executive training, we wrote 150 corporation presidents and asked them a very tough question. We asked the same question of 150 personnel directors. We acknowledged that any organization needs all kinds of people. But we did ask them this: if they *had* to choose, which of the following would they lean towards: (1) the adaptable administrator, skilled in managerial skills and concerned primarily with human relations and the techniques of making the corporation a smooth-working team; or (2) a man with strong personal convictions who is not shy about making decisions that will upset tested procedures and his colleagues.

The vote: the presidents split roughly fifty-fifty; the personnel men, three-to-one in favor of the administrator.

What was particularly interesting, however, were the comments that accompanied a great many of the letters favoring the team player. To paraphrase, they argued that, though imagination and vigor were often desirable, they were qualities that would be best relegated to staff positions. That is to say, the real leadership of the organization would not concern itself with new ideas except as a sort of neutral judge. The people who did concern themselves with them would be kept out of harm's way, sort of captive screwballs, whose qualities would be patronized when things got a bit dull around the shop. "We used to look primarily for brilliance," one president wrote us, "but now we don't care if you're a Phi Beta Kappa or a Tau Beta Phi. We want a well-rounded person who can handle well-rounded people."

We talked to a great many junior executives, and we were dismayed to find out how very thoroughly so many of them agreed. It is the extrovert qualities that they felt were important. "I'd sacrifice brilliance to human understanding every time," one told us. The things that set a man dreaming, the big questions that provoke his curiosity, the lone, individual speculation—no longer are these needed. We have now reached an age when they have become expendable. "All the basic creative work in engineering," one trainee told us, "has already been done. The only kind of research that counts is team research, directed at immediate, practical problems."

Not so long ago I saw a very interesting documentary film put out by the Monsanto Chemical Company. It was a pretty good film, but what did it have to say about Monsanto's research—much of which has been most imaginative? In one part of the picture you see five young men in white coats conferring around a microscope. The voice on the sound track rings out boldly, "No geniuses here. Just a bunch of good Americans working together."

What's wrong with genius? We asked a number of trainees how they thought a man like Steinmetz would fit in today. "I think we could straighten out his unfortunate characteristics."

Let me recapitulate a moment. There are three points that I am trying to document.

First, that the belief is growing that the health of our society depends upon increasing adjustment by the individual to the consensus of the group. Second, that this is not simply an unwitting yen for conformity, but a philosophy—a philosophy actively advocated by a sizable proportion of the leadership in each sector of our society. Third, and most important of all, these people are not pioneers; they are not a small band of revolutionaries working against the grain of our culture. Their doctrine is now orthodoxy.

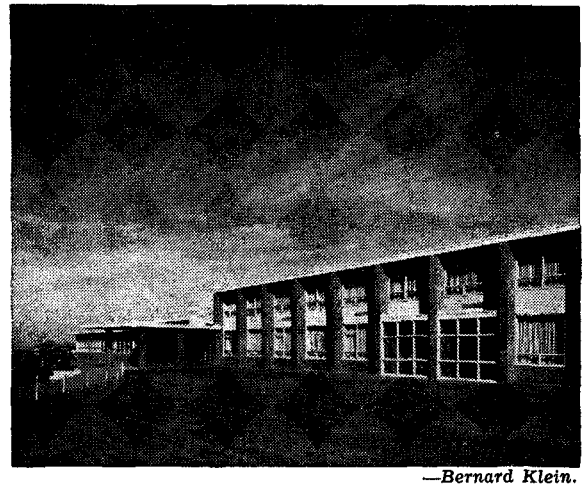
To illustrate, let's take a look at the new suburbia for a moment. In the new package suburbs growing up outside our great cities we find a life so communal that they are strikingly like the Owenite and Fournier utopias of the early 1800's. To use a word the young suburbanites utter frequently, people in the rental courts and ranch-house superblocks learn to be "outgoing." Rarely does a person have to be alone; as a matter of fact, it is practically impossible. Every moment of the day there is a civic meeting of some kind: block parties, afternoon coffees, canasta, Stanley home parties.

A great deal of this is very healthy—a way of gaining roots in an increasingly transient life, a way of finding something meaningful to do. But some of the effects are not healthy: privacy has become clandestine. To be alone, to withdraw into one's self, to express urges not synonymous with the group's—when a person does these things (and everyone has the impulse) they tend to feel a little guilty about it. If suburbia has a neurosis it is the fear of being neurotic.

Well, now, just wait a minute, you might say—isn't this simply a temporary phenomenon; isn't this yen for consensus merely an expedient dictated by the kind of housing they find themselves in now?

A good way to answer the question is to have a look at their schools. Here, if nowhere else, the young suburbanites must declare their philosophy. It is they who have set up the schools, and they have spent much time and thought on their direction.

A pretty good example is the new high school in the



—*Bernard Klein.*

Rich Township High School, Park Forest, Illinois.

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package suburb of Park Forest, thirty-two miles south of Chicago. They are very proud of it; physically it is a spankingly modern, one-and-one-half-million-dollar plant. And they are proud of its curriculum as well as its plant.

THE curriculum is by no means unique to Park Forest High—School Superintendent Eric Baber speaks very much like many superintendents elsewhere and his writings do not show unorthodoxy so much as a deep grasp of contemporary educational literature. The trouble with U.S. education, Baber has told the parents time and again, is that it is concentrated far too much on the intellectual aspect of education. Even teachers' colleges, he observes sadly, still require plane geometry for admission. Except for a small coterie, he asks, of what value to most people are the traditional academic disciplines? "The so-called 'bright student' is often one of the dumbest or least apt when he gets away from his textbooks and memory work," Baber told a teachers' workshop. "This is evidenced by the fact that many $20,000 to $100,000-a-year jobs in business, sales, sports, radio . . . are held by persons with I.Q.'s of less than ninety."

Baber is not actually against intelligence. He believes it should be channeled toward real-life, vocational needs more than to the academic requirements of the colleges.

Of the total of seventy subjects offered only one-half are in traditional academic subjects—and the latter, furthermore, are by no means ivory tower. Of seven offerings in English available to juniors and seniors the one concentrated on grammar, rhetoric, and composition is a one-semester "refresher course . . . for students who feel the need for additional preparation." Of more appeal to teen-agers, perhaps, will be the full-year courses in journalism and in speech, for which, in the "communication laboratory," facilities are available for practical things like radio and TV debating.

The seventy formal subject offerings by no means exhaust the life-adjustment curriculum. Today, Baber believes, the schools must assume more responsibility for the *total* growth of the child. Conceivably this could be left to other agencies—to the family or the church or society itself. Nevertheless, through such media as courses in family group living (twelfth-grade elective) and "doing" sessions in actual situations the school is going to tackle it. "They must have actual experiences in solving problems that have meaning for *them*," Baber says. "Ours is an age of group action."

On the premise of the school's philosophy the parents seem to be in accord with Baber and one another; if one wishes to quarrel with that philosophy he must quarrel with the people themselves. The educators may be in the vanguard, but at Park Forest they are bucking no trends. For what is it that parents want most emphasized by the school? They were asked just such a question, and when they wrote the answer in their own words one note was sounded more often than any other. The primary job of the high school should be to teach students how to be citizens to get along with other people.

It is in this attitude, I submit, that the real problem of the humanities lies, and we would do well not to underestimate its force.

If we are to halt the new illiteracy we must understand that it appeals, because it seems to answer some very vital contemporary needs. It *is* an age of great organization; ours *is* a society in which most persons work in collective units.

Furthermore, it is important to remember that the sensitivity to the group is not a reversal of our national character so much as an extension of it. The American genius has always lain in good part in our distrust of dogma, in our flexibility, in our urge for cooperative action. As long as 100 years ago Alexis de Tocqueville (no friend of conformity) was struck by this. "The more equal social conditions become," he wrote, "the more men display this reciprocal disposition to oblige each other."

But, having noted this, can we not then—*on their own ground*—carry the offensive against the scholars of this new illiteracy? Then it will not do for them to scoff at unbelievers as people homesick for a return to a closed society in which education is restricted to a small, aristocratic elite.

The real weakness of the new illiteracy is precisely the fact that it is not suited to the times. No man is an isle unto himself, to be sure, but how John Donne would writhe if he heard who was repeating it, and why. We have reason to be proud of how well we have been able to adapt to this age of great organizations, but certainly we must not so worship these virtues as to caricature them into defects. The great problem of bureaucracy—if they are to continue vigorously—are ideas and new thoughts, and, yes, conflict. It is wretched advice that the healthy system is one in which the individual feels no conflict. Every great advance has come about, and always will, because someone was frustrated by the status quo; because somebody exercised the skepticism, the questioning, and the kind of curiosity which, to borrow a phrase, blows the lid off everything.

It is time to put the technician of the new illiteracy in his place—and that's way, way down. He is fit only to be a lackey, not a leader. He can't conjure, he can't speculate, he can't dream; I imagine he has a terrible sense of humor.

And he lacks faith. For isn't that in a way what we are talking about? What is our democracy but a testament of faith in the individual? Faith not only in our fellow laymen, but faith in our own inner resources, in man's own ability to create and to dream.

The new illiteracy would have us suppose that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts, that the system itself has a wisdom beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. But this is not so. The individual can be greater than the group and his own imagination worth a thousand graphs and studies.

I HAVE a quarrel with Bill Whyte. I don't think that this group-conformist he talks about is going to run industry, and I don't think that anybody in industry thinks so. If anybody thinks that a Clarence Randall or a Ben Fairless is something that is part of a mass I can assure you that he's very very wrong. I wish somebody would give me a formula by which I could pick fellows of that type when I visit colleges today. Actually, the complexities of business are such that someone who understands history, literature, and philosophy, who is in a position to do some disciplined thinking, has the type of mind that will ultimately succeed.

There is one placement officer of a small arts college who every so often writes us at Inland Steel and says, "We have a boy that we think you'd be interested in." We have now hired five of his boys. Every one of them is doing exceedingly well with our company. One of them, the youngest superintendent in our steel mills, an economics major, became a superintendent at the age of thirty-one.—WILLIAM G. CAPLES; *vice president, The Inland Steel Company.*

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Human Problems First

By COURTNEY C. BROWN, *assistant to the chairman of the board, The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).*

I SHOULD like to mention four reasons why I believe the liberal arts may in the future come to have a far greater attraction to business than they have in the past. The first derives from the political tensions of the day. Never before has the intellectual climate of the Western world been more important to the business community than it is today. It is gradually becoming realized that a liberal arts education, a broad education rather than a narrowly specialized education, lies at the very heart of the great Western tradition which gave rise to business as we know it today. It is the liberal arts which ultimately provide the climate in which business can best function. The characteristic end products of such an education, it seems to me, are broad comprehension, the ability to undertake appraisal in a calm, deliberate manner, an ordered capacity for reason, a sense of toleration, and a critical inquisitiveness—all of which are the basic ingredients of a free society in which enterprise can flourish.

Now at the risk of sounding a bit cynical, let me suggest that business is coming to realize increasingly that it must seek something that is more effective than simply to talk to itself about the free-enterprise system. I suspect that it is beginning to feel that it can find this thing in an educational program that has been at the very core of the development of the free society of Western civilization, namely, the liberal arts program.

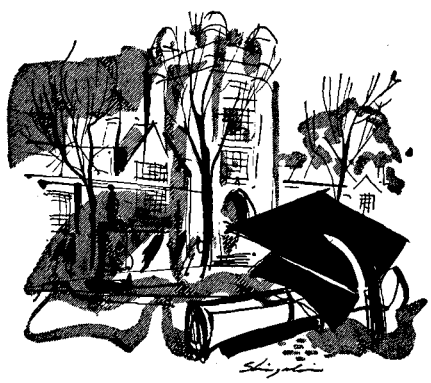
A second reason why business is broadening its interests in the liberal arts, it seems to me, is that it is becoming increasingly aware that the world of the specialist is a narrow world and tends to produce narrow human beings. Not that that is infallibly the case. Men with backgrounds of specialized training and assignments in business have shown themselves capable in exceptional instances of rising above it and broadening themselves to cope successfully with large and challenging problems. But by and large the world of specialists is a narrow world, and it is difficult for the man who has lived in it to understand the overall effects of his actions and decisions, both within the business in which he works and on the relationship of that business to the outside world. As business has become bigger in its organization and in its units it has become increasingly important for top management to understand the impact of its decisions upon the society of which it is a part. I believe there is a growing realization that the type of training that is most capable of providing executives with the broad understanding and capacities necessary to run modern business is furnished by a large dose of liberal arts education applied before the executive-to-be gets deep into a specialized interest.

A third reason why business is broadening its interest in the liberal arts is that we are realizing more and more that the mechanics of running a business are really not so very complex. Most of the troubles with which management is beset arise directly from the fact that businesses are composed of human beings. The difficulty of handling machinery is nothing compared to the difficulty of handling human beings in such a way that the entire operation will be placid, smooth, and effective. In other words, the human problems of business are now reaching the point where they demand the major share of the time of top management. The liberal arts, particularly those liberal arts in the social science category, may provide today and will provide increasingly in the future effective tools that will help us understand the vast, complex problem of managing people.

A fourth and final reason why business is expanding its interest in the liberal arts, it seems to me, is that after several decades in what might be called a defensive posture business is again in a role of greater political and intellectual leadership in our national life. Now such a role requires a capacity for self-expression both in writing and orally. A man whose interests, education, and assignment are specialized is frequently ill equipped to express effectively the logical and legitimate position of business. Too frequently we find that when a successful business manager tries to articulate the position of himself and his business he falls flat on his face. There is, I believe, an increasing recognition among business leaders that the best way to equip the managers of the future with the capacity to express the business point of view clearly and intelligently is through a liberal arts education.

The Men Who Rise

By CARTER DAVIDSON, *president, Union College.*



FOR the past year and a half I have been serving as chairman of the board of directors of the Empire State Foundation of Independent Liberal Arts Colleges, an organization of twenty-two of the smaller colleges of New York intended to provide a channel by which the business corporations of the state and nation can give financial help to liberal education without the agonies of deciding that College A deserves help rather than College B. On behalf of the foundation I have enjoyed interviews with dozens of the executives of the corporations of this area, from the largest to the small.

"We do contribute funds to higher education," they say to me, "but primarily to carry on research in the technical problems connected with our product. These gifts go, naturally, to the larger universities and technical schools which have the laboratories and the research staff to do the job we want done. We also support some graduate fellowships to prepare men for positions on our own design and production staff. We send our junior executives to special workshops at the Harvard Business School or elsewhere. We made a large gift recently to a university to help them construct a building for industrial

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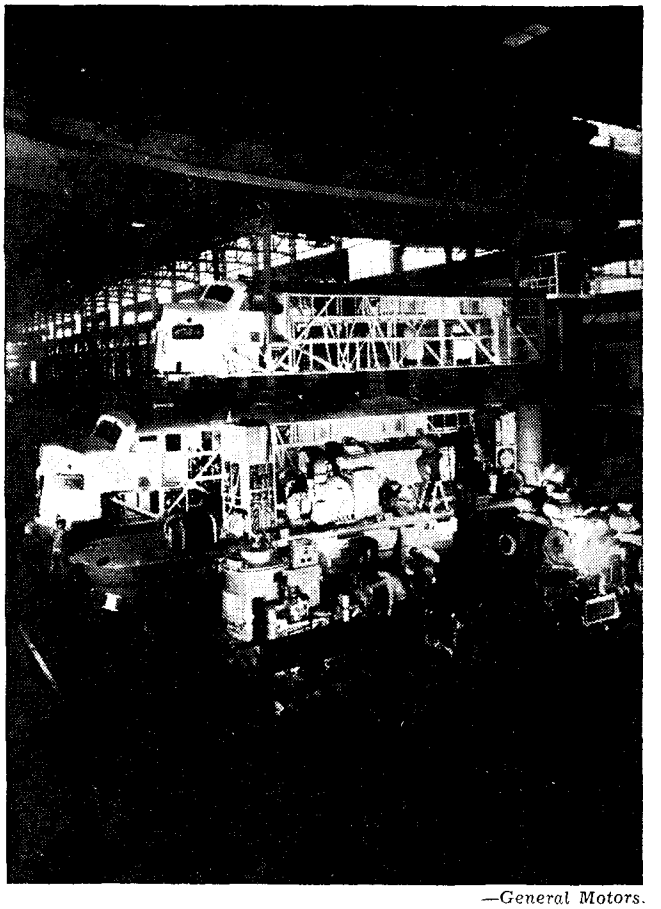
research. And we have established a scholarship fund to assist the children of our employes to attend college. We contributed generously toward the endowment of a memorial professorship established in memory of the late chairman of our board. All these gifts we can justify to our stockholders because of their direct connection with the improvement of our product or of our employee relations. But how can we justify gifts to liberal arts colleges, especially to small ones?"

AN excellent statement, Mr. Executive, and I congratulate your company on its contributions to higher education. I don't want you to eliminate anything you are now doing. But are all your top personnel technically trained? What of your directors, your sales and advertising and personnel staff? I would wager that a high percentage of this group went to liberal arts colleges. And where do most of the graduate students in science, who later do the pioneer work in your research laboratory, receive their basic undergraduate education? In the smaller liberal arts colleges. Check on this for yourself in your own company. And how about your legal staff or the law firm you retain? Many of those lawyers prepared for law school in liberal arts colleges. Speaking of employe relationships, what is more conducive to a happy and efficient community than one with good schools, taught by graduates of liberal arts colleges? Or with good doctors and dentists and nurses prepared in basic science in liberal arts colleges?

Look for a moment at English, one of the basic subjects in the liberal arts curriculum. The teacher of English helps the student to enlarge his usable vocabulary, to cultivate his imagination to produce new ideas, to submit these ideas to the rigorous tests of logic and of value judgment, and to organize them most effectively for oral or written presentation. In the study of literature he does more than examine form or plot structure; he studies human personalities, the well-springs of their actions and reactions, their systems of values. When you think of the manifold problems which face a business executive what better preparation could he have for meeting them than such a course? No wonder so many top executives were once college majors in English! If it is salesmen or advertising men we seek the study of argumentation, of convincing by logical reasoning and of persuading by adducing all the impelling motives to action, are taught chiefly in the English classroom.

"But," the corporation officer may interrupt, "many of your liberal arts students are women; some of your colleges are for women only. We employ practically no women college graduates, and then only in secretarial posts. What possible stake have we in college education for women?"

I agree, sir, that your corporation may employ very few college women, though there are hundreds of thousands of them in corporation posts. Your firm, however, does market its product to consumers, the majority of whom are women, and your continued success may depend upon the educated perception of values among your women customers. Also, women hold or inherit half the property and wealth of America, including perhaps a large block of the stock certificates of this corporation; an intelligent, well-educated group of stockholders can be a wonderful asset for enlightened management. I should not neglect to remind you, also, that wives exercise enormous influence over their husbands, whether those husbands are corporation executives or engineers or research scientists or stockholders or merely buyers and sellers of your product—and wives who have been well educated in a liberal arts college should be able to contribute in no small measure to the corporation's success.



—*General Motors.*

"... you find yourself involved in the geopolitics of oil and steel."

One Corporation's Problem

By JULIAN STREET, JR., *United States Steel Corporation.*

WE at United States Steel are just getting our Fairless works into full production at Morrisville, Pa., which two years ago was a farm community across the river from Trenton with a good deal of historic tradition and one policeman. Can you imagine the impact which a new basic steel plant employing some 6,000 men has brought to this community and the surrounding countryside? There's hardly a problem in the book of human and civic relations which we have not had to face. Think of the human problems involved, especially if you wish to be regarded as a good neighbor, as we most certainly do. A new hospital facility, new schools, new highways, public utilities, deeper waterways to transport foreign ores from abroad, and two complete new towns, all have had to be planned and built.

This new steel plant has also acted as a magnet in attracting some two billion dollars worth of new industrial development to the region. All this has called upon the utmost ingenuity of the scientist. But the largest problems are in the bailiwick of the social scientist. If you consider that the iron ore of this operation is to come from foreign lands, you soon find yourself involved in the geopolitics of oil and steel. In other words, Fairless Works adds up to a rather interesting laboratory for exchange between industry, the sciences, and the liberal arts.

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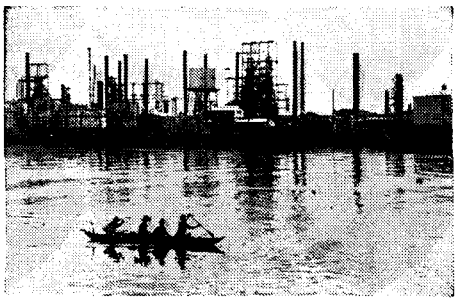
Climbing the Managerial Ladder



By ALBERT J. NICKERSON, *vice president and director of foreign trade, The Socony-Vacuum Oil Company.*

WE recruit 100 or more college graduates each year. These are about evenly divided between technical specialists and liberal arts students. Once we have employed a college graduate, a tailor-made training program is mapped out for him. It will seldom be quite the same program as that mapped out for another graduate of the same school, same class, and same field of major study. We try to decide what work experience we want a particular man to have within a specified period of time in order to arrive at a predetermined readiness stage. By the time this training period—usually one to three years—is completed this man's supervisors have obtained a pretty clear picture of his abilities and limitations. They know for what jobs he is best fitted and have a rough idea as to how high he can ultimately go and about how fast he can get there.

For the remainder of a man's career in our company he will be constantly reevaluated in these respects, and if he continues to show ability he will continue to receive training to equip him for further advancement. Any company's products and policies, its methods and machines tend to improve only as the skills and brains and talents of its people improve. If one competitor has a material advantage today it—or a workable counterpart—is likely soon to become common property. An enterprise must rely for survival and progress on the personal qualifications of those who make up its ranks and direct its destinies. It has been said that a company with high-grade personnel and an intelligent and experienced management is almost invariably a successful company, and it is true that the development of policies that will attract good personnel and foster the growth of intelligent executives is the first and most important criterion in the formation of any enterprise.

While man's complex nature makes for few, if any, absolutes in selecting and developing personnel, management must nevertheless make sure always to utilize its investment in manpower as fully as it must utilize its investment in physical facilities and processes. Any philosophy or policy that ignores this necessity endangers the enterprise, and any policy based on the laissez-faire survival of the fittest is by any measure inadequate and therefore dangerous.

The job of management is thus in the most fundamental sense the job of developing people. A job of such magnitude demands a plan and a program flexible enough to be tailored to each individual employe, since in the final analysis it is always some one person who is being developed and trained, and each man will differ from his fellows in his specific needs and his particular capabilities.

What are the qualities we look for in the people we employ?

To begin at the college recruiting stage, once we establish the technical qualifications of an engineer or a chemist, for example, we look for about the same qualities in both the scientifically trained and the liberal arts students. Since a company hires the whole man and can never fully isolate any one aspect of him, we naturally look closely for poise, self-confidence, tact, capacity for leadership, judgment, and the ability to express himself. We interest ourselves in his work experience, his extra-curricular activities, his reasons for choosing his particular school and his fields of study—always, in fact, we like to know *why* he's done what he has.

We have a pretty solid basis for our approach. A survey of seventy-six American corporations revealed that lack of specific skills accounted for only a shade over 10 per cent of the discharges, while character traits accounted for virtually 90 per cent. Character traits also represented the factors preventing promotion in over three times as many cases as did a lack of specific skills.

Except in certain research assignments few specialists in a large company ever work alone. There is little room for virtuoso performances. Business is so complex, even in its non-technical aspects, that no one man can master all of it. To do his job he must be able to work with other people. As he progresses in the organization he must also be able to supervise people; and this is true whether in college he concentrated in chemistry or in English. In his supervisory work one of his prime functions must be the development and astute handling of the people under him, since today they must accomplish most of his work for him and tomorrow one of them must replace him. He must have a broad and solidly based sense of values. He must think effectively. He must have sound judgment.

WHILE we might have arrived at these conclusions by deduction, we have also reached them by experience. We know that when we are looking for men with executive ability to promote, their technical knowledge at that stage is often relatively less important than their ability to deal with more abstract problems involving judgment and ability to reason. There is, in fact, a sort of crossing of lines in this regard. While a man's technical knowledge may be his best tool during his first five years or so with our company, in many cases this curve tends to flatten out on the value chart and is met by the ascendant curve of the man's skill in human relations and other factors. The manager of one of our largest refineries said the other day that in his job he uses almost every skill he ever acquired except a technical knowledge of refining.

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While this may be something of an overstatement, it illustrates the important point.

Every highly technological industry will, of course, continue to need highly trained and skilled scientists and technicians. But science is concerned with the measurable, and when you have summed up all the factors of a man that can be measured you still have not described or understood him. Science's dimensions seldom, if ever, attain to the level of moral values, and if we receive from the schools and colleges people whose experience is truncated by a lack in these wider dimensions we may end up with businesses staffed by men whose attitudes and concepts may be inadequate to deal successfully with the broad social and economic problems with which they are sure to be faced.

The development of men with the qualities of personality and the character traits I have discussed here is important to any company. To a large industrial enterprise with complex operations scattered over a very wide area the development of considerable numbers of such men on a carefully planned basis is absolutely essential.

CONTRARY to the notion that many people have, business does not become more centralized as it becomes larger and more complex, nor do its many employes become subservient to a comparatively small number of powerful men. Exactly the opposite situation prevails. As our industrial society becomes more mature and more productive it tends to decentralize steadily and to require increasing numbers of educated and able men.

The oil business illustrates this tendency. When it was small, making very few products and those in small quantities, it could operate with a handful of people at the top, a disproportionately large number of people performing simple jobs at the bottom, and not many men in between. A company could have one sales manual, one operating manual, and so on.

But as the number of products rose from a few to several thousand, as the volume of business rose from thousands to hundreds of millions of dollars, as the number of employes rose from hundreds to tens of thousands, what else did we see? We saw the numbers of people doing simple tasks diminishing proportionately and the numbers of men in intermediate management increasing proportionately and absolutely. The whole operation became so large and so complex that operations had to be decentralized. This called for men able to assume progressively greater responsibilities, to exercise greater individual autonomy, to develop to higher levels. The opportunities for individual development tended, in fact, to increase more nearly geometrically than arithmetically.

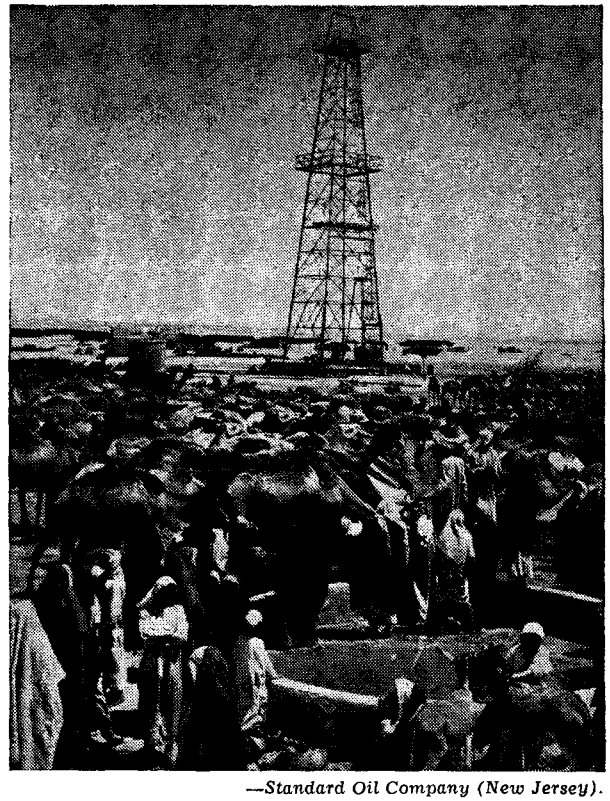
A large corporation must have an organization structure that permits great decentralization of authority and responsibility, for the reason that if it does not decentralize it will tend to *over*centralize. Its field management will be restricted in the exercise of its judgment; top management, insulated from field problems by several levels of supervision, will fail fully to understand those problems; and the whole organization is likely to resist change and to become inflexible.

In order to avoid this situation an oil company, such as the one I work for, is likely to break down its operations into the following broad functional classifications: Producing, Refining, Marketing, and Transportation. These functional classifications will be subdivided into geographical classifications. Our objective is to decentralize both authority and responsibility to the lowest operating geographical subdivision so that the executive in charge of a producing district, a refinery, a marketing district, or a pipe line division is as nearly as possible placed in the position of the owner of a small business. He has all his operating facts and statistics at his finger tips, and is subject to the control of his superiors only on matters of considerable importance such as operating policies, budgets, and high-level personnel changes.

Top management in order to create these conditions must develop administrative techniques that permit it to discharge its overall responsibility for results while at the same time decentralizing authority and responsibility to the utmost. In our experience the best method of encouraging decentralization is to prepare carefully worked-out profit-and-loss statements in each geographical subdivision which reflect the operating results within it. These statements, though subject to limitations, particularly in a business such as ours where many products are manufactured from a single raw material in a continuous process, can provide a measurement of profit or loss in the operation of a department or a geographic unit in a department.

There is much that progressive companies can do to train and develop their new employes. Training is primarily the job of business, and education the job of the schools. That is an oversimplification, of course, but it is abundantly clear that business must look to the schools for the basic development of the men it needs. A comparatively recent and widely read survey of the field of American education contains the following statement: "We need people with convictions reasonably and deeply held, the sane judgments which come from emotional stability, and the imaginative comprehension which comes from understanding the whole condition of man."

Our business system, indeed our whole scheme of contemporary American life, requires the education of young men and women of moral stamina who can think and who can discriminate among values. This implies the necessity for the continued extension of a sound liberal education to every American boy and girl with the capacity to assimilate it.



—Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).

Arab tribesmen water their camels by a new silhouette.

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Industry Should Train More

EVERY year more and more businessmen talk about the importance of liberal arts education. Yet when the managers of their employment offices go around to colleges they take up about one liberal arts graduate for a hundred engineers or graduates of some other specialized training.

There's one way we can look at this that business can certainly understand. Any quality product is a costly thing to produce. The social cost to provide the nation with broadly gauged business managers is a great cost. The basic question is how shall this social cost be allocated? To what extent should business take on that cost? Today the colleges are doing it for the community-at-large. The truth of the matter is that we need both broadly educated people and specialized education, preferably incorporated in the same B.A. degree. But business may be better equipped to do the job of specialized education than almost anybody else. They know what they want. They haven't done too much of it, however, probably because so much of it is done for them outside of the business firm.

Thus one way in which business might recognize its obligation to liberal arts education is by taking on more of the load of specialized training after people come into service, thus allowing the educational world to move somewhat more in the direction of liberal arts education. If that were done, and a better balance in the curriculum achieved between specialized and general subjects, we might avoid the contradiction of saying we need liberally educated people because of the needs of the nation, the needs of business, and the needs of the people themselves, but at the same time placing every inducement before college students to undertake specialized programs.

—COURTNEY C. BROWN.

IMPROVING LIBERAL ARTS TEACHING

Break Down the Departmental Walls

—*United Press.*

By ELMER E. SCHATTSCHNEIDER, *professor of government, Wesleyan University.*

TEACHERS of English and teachers of social sciences have one thing in common: both teach subjects of universal importance and both have obligations to the whole academic community. By definition they also share a common membership in the mystical union known as the liberal arts. A liberal education is to be found wherever there exists an explosive mixture of ideas drawn from a variety of disciplines. Unfortunately, we have sometimes underestimated the capacity of college professors to avoid intellectual contact with their colleagues even under the stress of close physical propinquity, like the chemicals on the shelves of the laboratory which remain inert as long as each is sealed in its own container. The plot of the great academic comedy of our time is built around the fact that each of us is likely sooner or later to begin to think that he is a broad gauge and liberal sort of fellow who is unfortunately completely surrounded by nasty specialists.

How does it happen that we have broken so few bottles and have produced so few explosions? The chasm between the social sciences and the humanities is now so deep that we are in some danger of being unable to understand and influence each other. The injury done to the social sciences by this estrangement is very great, for the social sciences need very badly, never more than now, a more profound insight into the nature of man, without which the social studies are in some danger of becoming a mere mass of superficial statistical uniformities.

As a veteran of the academic wars, I would like to suggest that neither the social scientists nor the humanists are likely to win the affection of their colleagues by starting a big propaganda campaign concerning the virtues of their special studies. For this reason, I should like to propose a new strategy for breaking down the dangerous tendency of the liberal arts to divide into a number of armed camps. We have *talked* about integration for a solid generation, but interdepartmental friction remains a notable fact on our campuses and the intellectual results of our reforms have been less than revolutionary.

Why have we made so little progress in intellectual collaboration? Collaboration cannot be imposed from above by the administration, it cannot be legislated by the faculty, and it is not primarily a question of curriculum. The deadlock of the specialists cannot usually be broken by departmental aggression or aggrandizement.

We have been less successful than we might have been because we have tended to forget that intellectual cooperation is, first of all, a *human* problem. Back of the isolation of the specialists lie questions of prestige, recognition, income, and security. The intolerance of the specialists covers a sense of insecurity, because the worst form of unemployment imaginable is the unemployment of the intellectual specialists.

There is no struggle in the world more bitter than

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that of academic people who feel that their whole careers depend on their ability to maintain the prestige and the separate identity of their specialties in the curriculum. We have not been very intelligent to have failed to understand the psychological and human implications of a reorganization of the liberal arts college.

Intellectual collaboration is best started at the bottom, on the initiative of individual scholars, under circumstances that are likely to contribute to the security and happiness of everyone concerned. It is astonishing to see how many proposals for the integration of the liberal arts contemplate the use of authority to reallocate students, resources, and the time and energy of the faculty. This approach is nearly always resisted.

Schemes for academic reform are likely to be much too grandiose because the intellectual cooperation of specialists is a personal process that must be carried on more or less privately at the beginning by people who are intellectually congenial. We need to experiment on a personal basis on our own initiative with modest projects.

COLLABORATION needs to be worked out at the faculty level in terms that enable each of the collaborators to discover that the process increases his usefulness, security, and prestige. We cannot afford to work up contests in which the losers resign from the profession. Instead, we need to learn by experience that we can work together under circumstances in which two plus two is likely to be a million. (For what is a good idea worth?)

I should like to describe one explosive mixture that has been produced in my college, Wesleyan in Connecticut, and to tell a little about what it feels like to live in an explosion.

The Public Affairs Center at Wesleyan is a *place*, a *program*, and a *focus of interests*. It grew out of our dissatisfaction with the kind of work we were doing. The hero of the story is the group. If I said that the Public Affairs Center is a project carried on by history, economics, and government departments I would not tell you the story at all because I would leave out of it the personal experiences we have had. The story begins several years ago when someone offered the government department a building of its own. We decided that a departmental building would merely accentuate our isolation. So we made a counter-proposal. We asked for a building to house all of the social science departments under one roof. That was the luckiest decision we ever made because the donor responded by asking us to develop a program to put into the building. After that the three departments had something to do together. As soon as we began to work together things began to happen to us and they have been happening ever since.

As I think about it now I think that we were lucky because the college administration was not greatly interested in the project. It was our own idea. We were lucky because there was no attempt to force anybody to do anything he did not want to do. We did not attempt to break down departmental autonomy. We did not set up a big interdepartmental course, not because we were wise but because our personal relations were not very good. We have never had a chairman or a director and have never voted on anything and have never brought up a proposal for a general faculty vote. As a group we simply wanted a building.

In that kind of atmosphere we were able to agree freely about some important things. First, we all agreed that we were all doing the same thing—that the social sciences constituted a seamless web and that the political scientists, for example, would be better political scientists if they knew more about economics and history and that we ought to try to find more opportunities for picking each other's brains. We wrote a report together. We talked often and long about what we would like to do if we could get the money to finance our projects. We planned cooperative courses. We learned to support each other: when we introduced the workshops in the introductory courses all of the three departments concerned moved together so that we did not drive the students out of one department into the others. In short, we became a group, and it is literally true that the mixture of ideas had an explosive and exciting quality from the beginning.

We began to like each other better; the morale of the whole group improved; we felt a new kind of happiness in our association. Everybody began to be glad that he belonged to the group. We all felt more secure. Other departments on the campus began to want to join our group. Our relations with the president of the college, with the trustees, and the rest of the faculty improved. In my whole life I have never had an experience like this.

Nobody foresaw how far our informal and formless project was going to go but nobody has put any brakes on it.

We have had a revolution in the teaching of the social sciences resulting from a succession of experiments such as:

1. The workshops.
2. Interdepartmental seminars (only two so far).
3. Cooperative programs (such as the community studies).
4. Summer program.
5. A *faculty* seminar in ethics and the social sciences.
6. An institute on ethics and politics.

Other projects are planned. In fact, we are in danger of being swamped by the multiplicity of the schemes that seem to erupt all over the place.

What the program calls for is less talking at students, less lecturing, less passive learning, less learning of predigested factual materials, and less talking about books. It involves more working with students, more student responsibility for his own education, more attempts to put the student in learning situations, more use of books, more assistance to students in finding data and using materials, much more criticism of the essays and reports written by students, more revision of written reports, and a general breakdown of the idea that any of the social sciences or the social sciences as a whole can stand on their own legs.

What is more important in the long run is the fact that the members of the faculty are experiencing the excitement that comes from a reconsideration of their own ideas from new points of view. In my department we feel that we are working on a kind of transvaluation of the whole content of political science and we tell each other that we shall some day establish a new species of political scientists. For myself, I wish that this sort of thing had happened to me twenty-five years ago.

—*Corning Glass Works.*

Blowing glass for the largest light bulb.

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Accent the Ideas

By ALVIN C. EURICH, *vice president, The Fund for the Advancement of Education.*

As a suggestion for revitalizing liberal education, I should like to propose that we focus less attention on the organization of knowledge in forming the curriculum, and that instead we concentrate more upon the end products expected in a liberally educated person. With this approach the functions of a liberal education might become clearer.

As generally acknowledged, we teach the student, on the one hand, facts, events, literature; and, on the other, skills as in speaking, writing, calculating with figures, and conducting laboratory experiments. Yet all of our psychological studies in the area of learning and retention show conclusively that facts learned or specific knowledge acquired is not retained for long.

In defense of the present college education we argue that the facts and events may have been forgotten, but there is a residue. And what is the residue? Again we argue that the residue consists of having learned a way of dealing with facts—a way of thinking about them, a method of organizing them. Even though we do not remember the facts, we certainly must have acquired an understanding of the great ideas.

This type of reasoning leads to an important and obvious question that is seldom raised. Could not a liberal arts education become much more effective if it dealt directly with the great ideas rather than with fragmentary subject matter in the hope that the ideas might be retained? Suppose for example, instead of organizing the common core of a college curriculum around special subjects such as history, political science, sociology, economics, literature, basic sciences, it were organized around some of the really important ideas that have had a major impact upon the development of civilization with subject matter from these various fields drawn upon so that the student might acquire a direct understanding of the ideas—would not a liberal education then have more meaning?

The matter of identifying the basic important ideas is of itself a most difficult task to be sure. We could not expect to find agreement on all ideas that are basic, but certainly there can be agreement on the need for common acquaintance with ideas seriously claimed to be basic—ideas which have contributed in varying degree to the formation of our culture, ideas which any thinking person will encounter and struggle with at some time in his life.

On some of these ideas we would readily agree. For example, we could, I am sure, agree at once that every student in the process of acquiring a liberal education should gain an understanding of such fundamental ideas as freedom or liberty, justice, evolution, democracy, relativity, truth, induction, dignity and worth of the individual. The list could easily be extended. These ideas cut across many fields of subject matter if a full understanding is to be gained.

This approach requires a reorientation and a reorganzation of knowledge. It would be a challenge to our best minds. We have reached the point when the range of knowledge and understanding is to extensive, it is no longer possible to deal with all of it. The reorganization is essential if the scope of a liberal education is to be comprehensible and if the impact is to be definite and retainable.

Furthermore, in addition to centering a program of liberal education on ideas, we need to make a new approach to the development of the ideas so that we can deal with them at different levels of maturity. We have done this in the past with organized subject matter. We teach some American history at the elementary school level, we teach it again in high school and again in college. Only in the upper levels do we get into the really controversial matters, because we assume a degree of maturity is important in a concern with controversy.

In discussing ideas within the subject matter framework as we do at present, we tend repeatedly to reiterate the elementary concepts without fully developing the complexity of the idea. For example, without having made an analysis of the levels at which we now deal with the idea of freedom, I would judge that we cover the elementary phases over and over again without really hitting the controversial levels except, perhaps, in courses on political science where we are concerned with freedom in the state and government without being concerned with its meaning and importance in the sciences, in literature, in the arts, and in our economic life. Freedom of enterprise has been as important to the development of our industrial leadership as free enterprise in ideas has been to our intellectual life.

If the common core of our programs of general or liberal education were centered upon the major ideas important in a developing civilization and with full recognition of degrees of maturity in thinking about these ideas, our programs would become more meaningful.

Obviously the ideas would not encompass all of liberal education. There would still be the need to teach communication skills and languages, mathematics and laboratory work. These are the skills necessary to extend a liberal education beyond the limits acquired in college.

THE humanities can most effectively contribute to the making of management leaders by *being themselves,* by finding out and concentrating on their peculiar and important function in education.

I suggest that that function involves their peculiar way of meeting, dealing with, and controling human experience in such a way as to lead to progressively higher organization of the physical organism, the mind, the emotions, and finally to the fusion of all these things.

As an addendum, but not an afterthought, let me point out one fact. The large companies can indulge in the luxury of hiring A.B.'s without specialized training because they can get their money back eventually. The smaller company must have a man who can pull his weight on the first day.

On a curriculum basis, then, the liberal arts college should encourage its men to acquire some basic skills, too—just enough to get them launched on the day they go to work. Have them do it during the summer, or during the school year without academic credit. It won't kill them, and it is not incompatible with the study of the really important things I have just mentioned. Businessmen will be readier to look at the A.B. if his qualifications include some small skill that will make him an asset while they are training him further.—FREDERIC E. PAMP, JR., *division manager, American Management Association.*

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Goals for the Humanities

By HOWARD LEE NOSTRAND, *chairman, department of Romance languages and literature, University of Washington.*

THE humanities can best help to educate the managerial leader, it seems to me, if the college teachers concentrate on half a dozen practical objectives, namely:

PRECISE USE AND UNDERSTANDING OF LANGUAGE. This objective includes not only skill in verbal self-expression and the ability to read a text closely, but also an understanding of the nature of linguistic symbols and the effects they have on the thought process of linguistic communities. This objective appears to have been achieved the best, though not the most quickly, by those who have carried the study of language beyond their own tongue to at least one other.

A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR LESSONS OF THE PAST. Only through experience of some historical studies or other, it seems, can we acquire the habit of taking into account the historical dimension of our decisions in professional and personal life, so as to avoid the two oversimplified views, the one that our basic problems have never been noticed before us, and the other that "history tells us" the right answer.

A WIDENED RANGE OF SOURCES FOR CREATIVE IMAGINATION. The resourceful mind continually solves problems by redefining them, adding something new that the narrowly specialized mind had supposed was walled off in a different category of ideas. The arts teem with suggestiveness: their history is a record of just this sort of achievement. Furthermore, the ability to enjoy any of the arts is the key to the good company of stimulating, creative contemporaries with whom an over-specialized businessman or professional man simply has nothing he can discuss.

VICARIOUS EXPERIENCES OF LIFE AND PEOPLE. Literature enables even a very young man or woman to be ready for a variety of strange situations and strange individuals such as one cannot hope to have met oneself, nor to understand by oneself with anything like the penetration that great authors can teach the thoughtful reader.

A MATURE GRASP OF THE NATURE VALUE OF JUDGMENTS. The adolescent mind, understandably, yearns for definite answers to the great issues underlying life's practical decisions. Years later the same mind, as it approaches senility, will seek the same deceptive security. Against this tendency to self-delusion, it is the function of the humanistic studies to speed and to prolong the state of maturity in which one can face the fact that inevitable conflicts, among moral and social directives, require a constant effort to keep an ever unstable balance of life purposes. The sciences and technology aspire to the definitive solving of problems; in the humanities the state of most enlightened understanding is often a state of unresolved suspension between opposite poles which all constitute bad extremes.

A SOURCE OF MORAL SUPPORT FOR UNSELFISH ASPIRATION. The cultivation of all the sciences, arts, and technology is essentially instrumental to some basic purposes in life that we may as well recognize as one's religion, whatever may be one's theology or lack of it. Religion, philosophy, and the symbolism of the arts are the means we have of visualizing and sharing the sense of purpose that gives the instrumental activities their reason for being. If our civilization has any great weakness, and I believe it has, the weakness lies in the clarity and moral force with which individuals conceive their most basic life purposes, and in the sense of common purpose to which, I believe, our highest individual aspirations logically lead, not only within a national or a linguistic group of humanity, but in a global community of all mankind.

If it is true that these very diverse contributions are needed in the education of leaders in management, and if, likewise, humanistic studies are the chief vehicle for reaching these half-dozen objectives, then have we not underestimated the proportion of college life that such studies need to occupy in the preparation of the future industrial executive?

The Art of Making Men

THE question of utility has been raised during this institute in a way that I must resist. It would be a mistake to ask: "How can we make the man trained in the liberal arts useful to management?" Utility is not the problem of the liberal arts. Only when they are seen to exist for their own sake can they contribute to the formation of a well-rounded person. We cannot train students for business, and business would be in a bad way indeed were it to depend on us to do so. Nor in any final sense can we "make men" of our students. We can, however, labor to convey the liberal arts *as if* we were able to "make men." From time to time I am even encouraged to hope that teaching in this way does in fact contribute to whatever it is we mean when we speak of "making men."

In any case, there can be no question of utility. The best product we can hope for—and a high product it is when achieved—is the man of general culture. This is what we have to offer at our best. If we can turn out such men, management will then have a responsible and responsive personality to work with. This is what we have to offer. And this we can achieve only when we seek the liberal arts for their own sake.

—JOHN CIARDI, *professor of English, Rutgers University.*

—*Acme.*

Recessional after the granting of honorary degrees, Yale.

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DRAMA AND THE INDUSTRIAL MANAGER

By FRANCIS FERGUSSON, *professor of English, Rutgers University.*

THAT new figure in the contemporary scene, the "statesman of industry," is a relatively little-known man. He is not yet part of our folklore, like the almost legendary robber baron of the past. His profession and his role in the modern world are almost as mysterious to the public at large as that of the physicist: we know that what the physicists are doing will have radical effects upon our lives and our children's lives, but we lack the technical training, the special knowledge and the "contacts" to follow their operations directly. We depend upon second- or third-hand information—popularized summaries, propaganda, and the like. The same is true of the managerial leader.

But, fortunately, we do have a very interesting literature which has been growing rapidly in the last few years, which seeks to describe the modern industrial leader, his power, his responsibility, and his social role. In one recent book of this kind, "The New Society," Peter Drucker compares the structure and the functioning of a modern industrial enterprise to a symphony or to a finely-integrated performance of a play. "But," he says, "in the social pattern of mass-production the difference between operation and operation, between job and job is so profound, the specialization carried so far, that the worker can have no immediate understanding, usually not even a superficial knowledge, of the next job. . . . The whole and the relationship of the individual to it are visible only to the people at the top—to the conductor, to use the analogy of the symphony orchestra. They see the pattern, understand the order, experience the vision. But the great mass below do not unaided see anything but chaos. . . . And the farther they are from the top the less able they are to see sense, order, and purpose."

If Mr. Drucker is right the industrial leader, the "man at the top," has a terrible responsibility as the only one who can see sense, order, and purpose in the actual texture of life in an industrial society. That is the very responsibility which the new leaders are recognizing—and we pin our hopes to this new attitude on their part.

But I wish to develop another side of Mr. Drucker's idea—namely, that there is an analogy between the arts of the industrial manager on the one hand and the arts of the musician, the dramatist, the orchestra-conductor, and the director of a play on the other. The man who devises and runs a modern industrial enterprise is trying to form very diverse elements—machines, processes, men (of all degrees of skill and intelligence)—into a functioning, changing, growing organic pattern. The man who devises a symphony or a large play—or even the man who directs its performance—is trying also to fit very diverse elements—ideas, characters, live actors, and live audience, visual and sound and light effects—into a functioning whole, the performance, which has its changing life in the "two-hours' traffic of the stage." I believe that any healthy relationship between the managerial leader and those who work in various ways at the art of drama would be based upon a mutual understanding of this analogy between the two arts—superficially so different, yet at the same time (if Mr. Drucker is right) so akin in what might be called their principles of form or composition.

Before the Industrial Revolution the leaders of society were the natural connoisseurs and patrons of the drama. And at a few great moments of history—when both the drama and the arts of rule were at their best—this relationship proved very fertile. Take for example the familiar instance of Shakespeare's age in England: a creative time, when the English were building their political forms and their political and social wisdom, or know-how, and also their literature, especially drama. At this distance we can see that the British sense of form—that wonderful combination of authority with freedom, democracy with monarchy, tradition with flexibility—governs both their political arts and their dramatic art of Shakespeare. Shall we say that Shakespeare learned his principles of composition from a study of the monarchy, or that the statesmen and rulers learned their art from the wisdom embodied in the arts of letters and the drama? Both, for I think the influences were reciprocal. And that is why a study of Shakespeare's plays throws such light on the British social genius. It is no accident that both Elizabeth I and James I were theatre fans—they must have sensed the analogy of their arts of rule to Shakespeare's. They must have felt that he offered to them as rulers recreation in the old sense of re-creation.

I MENTION this instance of Shakespeare and the leaders of his society only to illustrate the ideal relationship, one based on understanding, respect, and a sense of common humane values. But it is all too evident that our situation is very different from that of Shakespeare's age. His society was of a manageable, human size; it was comparatively homogeneous, old, and stable—for the changes going on then were far less rapid and fundamental than those we witness. It was much easier for artists and statesmen, soldiers, merchants, and ecclesiastics to know and understand their own and each other's arts, and their various roles in the life of society as a whole. It is obvious that the managerial leader does not occupy the same crucial and symbolic place in our society that the Renaissance monarch did in his: and it is painfully evident that Broadway does not mirror and illuminate the drama of our times as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" did in their day.

In our country the relationship between the drama

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and the leaders of society has hitherto been that of show business to the "tired businessman." The businessman is tired out by the serious business of making money all day, but in the evening he kills a little time with the unserious business of the theatre. The show business endeavors to meet his requirements—with legs, tunes, and routine jokes. And when the tired businessman goes to such a show with out-of-town visitors (the sales manager of the Cleveland branch) he is reasonably happy. Sometimes, however, his wife—who is fresher than he is (after a morning in the beauty parlor and an afternoon of bridge) will haul him to a highbrow play; but when that happens to him he slumbers or groans. Ibsen, Chekhov, Pirandello—even their heirs, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller—are not for him.

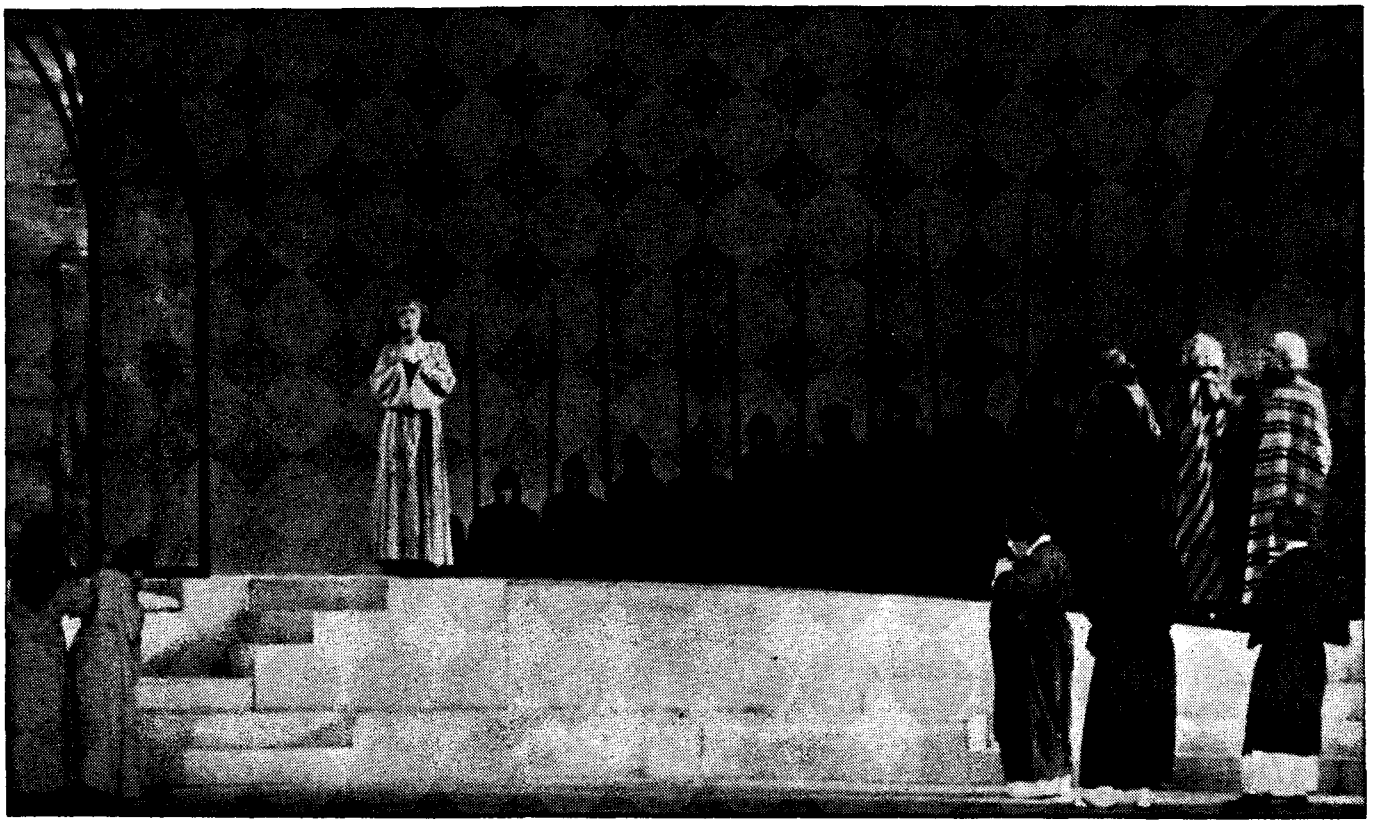
I have deliberately simplified this picture for the sake of clarity. I trust that the tired businessman is as out of date as a dinosaur or a robber baron. He is a caricature, a modest part of our folklore. But he is very understandable in his reactions—very right to want to be entertained: the theatre must of course do that first, whatever else it may do at its best. He may even be right, in a way, in mistrusting the modern drama. But I do not attempt here to go into such questions as these. My point is simply that the tired businessman and show business make, between them, a pretty trivial and meaningless team, and that if their relationship were the whole story there would be no point in trying to talk about the theatre at all.

There is the great tradition of serious modern drama, including Ibsen, Chekhov, Strindberg, Lorca, and many others. And we must remember that this drama was made possible by leaders of society with the vision to support the great Continental repertory theatres, the Comédie Française, the state theatres of Germany and the Scandinavian countries. We tried to emulate such theatres here in America in the Twenties, when the so-called "art" or "little" theatres briefly flourished. I think we owe most of what is best in our theatre—directly or indirectly—to this movement. But our art theatres did not really take root. They did not survive the period of the Big Money and its crash in 1929. And nothing has appeared to take their place from that day to this. Why is that?

I think the most fundamental reason is that neither the men who work at or study the theatre nor the leaders of our society have had the understanding or vision which the theatre requires if it is to do its best job. The understanding I mean is an understanding of our modern world itself. We do not seem to know what is really going on in our time, what the crucial forces in society and our individual lives are. In short, we do not see what the real drama of the modern world is. No wonder no one knows how to put it on the stage.

The great drama of the nineteenth century—Ibsen and Chekhov, say—had its vision of human life and society under the bewildering impact of industrialization. This vision still has great authority. In general it shows man as the victim of the new forces, and the bewildering changes, which applied science released. Neither the new forms of society nor the decaying traditional forms make any sense to the heroes of Ibsen and Chekhov. They are often men of great intelligence and cultivation; but Mr. Drucker's description of the great mass of the population in our society applies to them: they do not see sense, order, or purpose in the new industrialized age. The vision is gloomy, but it is very cogent, and the drama which embodies it should be required reading for managerial leaders.

Nevertheless, I believe that this tradition of drama has now done its work, and that there is little to add to it, little further development possible. That is why some of our playwrights of talent or even genius—Odets, Miller, Williams—seem to me of limited interest. I think they are adding footnotes to Chekhov or Ibsen, rather than beginning something new and different. Nineteenth-century drama has had its say; the robber barons have done their work, and some new phase is upon us. We



"Murder in the Cathedral"—"we do not seem to know what is really going on in our time."

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do not know what it is, but we can see that the power of applied science is still with us, still expanding, still mysterious, and still out of control. It pours out a flood of refrigerators and guided missiles together. Nobody owns it: Hitler had it yesterday, the Russians have it today, tomorrow the Chinese and the Africans will have it also. It is power, in itself neither good nor bad, but potentially both. As power Lord Acton's often-quoted remark applies to it: one of its properties is that it can so easily seduce or corrupt those who have it. It is the least understood but perhaps the most important of all the characters in the half-hidden drama of our time.

I am supposed to be telling you what the managerial leader could do for the arts of the theatre, and what they could do for him. I do not think it is that of the economic support of the theatre, or that of the cultivated pleasure of the managerial leader. In our present situation such matters are of secondary importance. They are lost in the larger problem: how we are to make sense of our changing society in general. That, of course, no individual and no social group, no class or profession can solve alone. But the manager and the dramatist can help each other.

The managerial leader might increase his understanding both of his own art or profession, and of his role in society as a whole, by studying the drama. The drama of Shakespeare or Sophocles is drama at its best; it reflects and criticizes society at healthy and creative moments. The drama of the nineteenth century reflects the impact of applied science upon the traditional order. I feel sure that the more the managerial leader understood such drama the better he would grasp his art, and also the scope of his opportunities and responsibilities.

But at the moment he can do more for the drama than the drama can for him. He can get ahead with his present efforts to make sense out of our industrial society itself. He occupies the strategic spot, both for grasping and for dealing with the new power. If we are ever to understand the real drama of the modern world, not as a "pathos"—the suffering of unknown forces—but as a struggle for humane and intelligible ends, the leaders of our society will have to outline the plot.

The Opportunity Ahead

By GILBERT W. CHAPMAN, *president, Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company.*

THERE is a growing fear in the United States that we are facing as great a danger from internal ignorance as from external attack. Our advanced technology has fostered the rapid growth of specialization, and, with it, the intellectually incomplete man.

The very nature of technology produces a relentless pressure for scientific training. American industry seems insatiable in its requirements for specialists. Its demand for them is greater than the supply. Our colleges respond by narrowing the fields of learning. In such an atmosphere, these institutions can hardly be blamed for emphasizing in their curricula those courses which will aid students in seeking their future livelihood.

The United States has become a dominant power in the world, but she cannot for long exercise her power or fulfill her mission without our being a people literate, educated, and cultivated. Whether or not specialization will incapacitate her for world leadership is no longer a debatable question. Responsible educators and industrialists now agree that fragmentized education is not sufficient preparation for a full life or sound leadership.

The vast importance of this problem was clearly demonstrated in the 1953 College English Association Institute at the Corning Glass Center when a large group of educators, industrialists, and editors grappled for three days with the dilemma of the under-educated American in his world of growing responsibilities.

The discussions accomplished progress on two major fronts. They defined the problem in precise terms, and they clearly showed that the solution is a matter for the attention of both the educator and the industrialist. The recognition of this joint responsibility should result in a reappraisal of the specific demands of industry and the undertaking of a broader cultural curriculum by the educators, without jeopardizing the supply of able young men.

While the investigation at Corning thoroughly aired a vital, national problem, it was too often pessimistic. It is true that specialization has caused a widespread dependence on group performance, but the effacement of genius and the individual has not been as general as some of those at the Institute believe. Creative genius clearly demonstrates itself early in its schooling and naturally is led in the direction of specialized training. Undoubtedly many technical students are unfamiliar with the study of the humanities but there is no reason to believe that, if they were exposed to such courses, they would not greet them with enthusiasm. Attendance at symphony concerts, music festivals, art museums and adult educational classes is rising rapidly. There is a surge towards culture throughout the country. The desire on the part of the student is there.

In the long run, it may be that no revolutionary changes will be required either in our educational institutions or in the shape of our industry. There is need for a movement away from extremes to a middle-ground of less specialized technicians and more educated specialists. In this movement, the university's staunchest ally will be industry's top managerial group.

Industry will have to redefine job qualifications for specialists so that a fundamental grounding in the applied sciences will be acceptable, as against the present tendency to require complete schooling in them. Further technical knowledge can be acquired during the early years of employment either by actual experience or in courses promoted by the companies themselves. Such a program will release more time for the study of the liberal arts by professional students while in the universities.

American business has largely supplanted the individual private donor as a major source of university funds. Last year, approximately $60,000,000 was given to colleges by corporations. A substantial portion of this sum was earmarked for special purposes and for research in applied sciences. It would be a great aid to education if increasing amounts were marked by industry for the liberal arts or if grants were made unconditionally.

Great crises of history are caused by economic pressures, originating in the desire of man, good or evil, to better his standard of living. These crises can only be conquered by moral force. Never before in history has mankind developed the power to destroy itself. The need for stamina and strength to control this threat can only be met by the enlightened moral and spiritual education of our youth. The specialist must also be a humanist.

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Seeing Things

STAR GAZING

"He has got nothing on," said a little child.

"Oh, listen to the innocent," said his father.

And one person whispered to the other what the child had said. "He has nothing on." "A child says, 'He has nothing on'."

But "He has nothing on," at last cried all the people.

The Emperor writhed for he knew it was true. But he thought the procession must go on now, so he held himself stiffer than ever and the Chamberlain held up the invisible train.

AT LEAST in the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale the Emperor, no matter how chilly, was present. In the case of "Kind Sir"* it is just the other way around. The clothes are there but the Emperor, so to speak, is missing. Although the clothes are there by the boxful, there is no play. The clothes are glittering, dazzling, flowing creations, with visible trains and almost visible price tags. Main Bocher has seen to this with the style and originality associated with his name. Moreover, Jo Mielziner has provided a living room for a New York apartment that Midas would not have been ashamed of. It is the kind of room all great stars ought to have as a background, and would have if only they could afford it and were blessed with Mr. Mielziner's taste.

But, regardless of how attractive, clothes without people to wear them and a living room with no real characters to live in it can make for a dreary evening. It is precisely such an evening that Norman Krasna's "Kind Sir" offers. This may be hard to believe, considering that no production of the season is apt to tempt theatregoers with a more beckoning array of names.

Surely as a director and producer Joshua Logan has proved himself a magician. The hazelwand that has led him from one success to another has earned him a unique place in Broadway's mythology. No less surely Mary Martin is a personage, all buoyancy and delight, who is loved and admired as few performers now are. With equal certainty Charles Boyer, in addition to being a disturber of the peace of mind of all women, is an uncommonly fine actor, as everyone knows who saw him in "Don Juan in Hell." And only the greediest and most unreasonable could ask for a stage peopled with more agreeable or proven players than Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross.

The public, its hopes raised to the stratosphere, did not wait for "Kind Sir" to open to respond to such seemingly certain guarantees of pleasure. Before the curtain rose on the first night it had paid out some $700,000 for tickets, thereby insuring well-filled houses through April and making theatrical history by doubling the advance sale hitherto achieved by any non-musical production.

UNFORTUNATELY, nothing is certain in the theatre unless it is that the best of actors can be lost if they are given nothing to act. Mr. Krasna's comedy is an endlessly repetitious account of a high-powered romance between a famous actress and a blissfully rich banker who has been persuaded to go into our State Department. If flatness were gaiety and dulness wit it would take its place among the comic masterpieces in the language. For six scenes, which appear longer than they are, it asks Miss Martin and Mr. Boyer, as victims of jealousy, to blow hot and cold, kiss and pout, quarrel and make up, meanwhile saying what amounts to, "He loves me, he loves me not," or "She loves me, she loves me not," over and over again.

Early in the first scene Miss Martin, looking very lovely, sweeps into her opulent New York apartment and playfully asks, "What am I?" The answer is, "You are a beautiful, famous, talented woman, the envy of everyone who knows you." Before the evening is over Mr. Boyer, exuding charm and spending money like a Government agency, has confessed that, though a bachelor, he has to pretend he is married to protect himself from women anxious to lay their hands on him. No doubt it would be inhuman to expect any actress or actor not to be tempted by such parts.

Nonetheless, I wish Miss Martin and Mr. Boyer had resisted the temptation. They are deserving of the best and bring the best even to the mediocre with which Mr. Krasna has supplied them. Frenchmen, on or off the stage, enjoy advantages denied to American men who look American and speak it. That accent with its "I kiss your hand, madame" innuendo; that knowing Old World smile with its unmistakable invitation; that twinkle which makes schoolma'ams feel like Pompadours; that ever-present and subtly communicated sense of concentration and pursuit—these are by tradition Gallic endowments. Mr. Boyer has them all, but he never employs them cheaply. The pity is that "Kind Sir" does not enable him to display those many other gifts which make him one of the most skilful and intelligent of contemporary players.

As almost everyone must know, this is Miss Martin's first appearance in a songless script. I must admit that in advance I resented the idea of not having her sing. Few people in the world can put a number over as she can. But I now know she does not have to wait for a music cue to succeed. She carries herself beautifully and acts with genuine poise. The proof of her skill is that she is always interesting to watch even when she is given nothing interesting to say. In only one respect does she fail. There is something fundamentally simple, honest, and Nellie Forbush about her which neither the chic of Main Bocher's clothes nor the would-be sophistication of Mr. Krasna's writing can obscure.

With the exception of Frank Conroy, who for once overplays, the other excellent actors in the cast spend the evening waiting for something to do exactly as the audience spends it waiting for something really interesting to happen.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

KIND SIR, by Norman Krasna. Directed by Joshua Logan. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Main Bocher. Associate producer and director, Marshall Jamison. Presented by Mr. Logan. With Mary Martin, Charles Boyer, Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. At the Alvin Theatre, New York City. Opened November 4, 1953.

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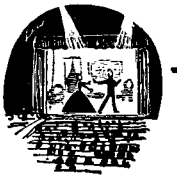


BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Trips, Pleasant and Unpleasant

ACCORDING to many of those who are older and sit farther front than I do, Lillian Gish is giving the performance of her life in what is said to be a so-so play called "A Trip to Bountiful." Yet to me the eternally young Miss Gish seems not only to be miscast, but to be manufacturing a too-detailed and overly explicit portrait of an aged mother-in-law with a compulsion to revisit her old country homestead. And Horton Foote's play, while perhaps being a little too much of a narrative for its own good, strikes me as a sensitive and accurate appraisal of life as it is. He is a Texas Chekhov, lamenting the cycle whereby human beings cut down the trees, plant the cotton, and wear out the land, after which their children sell it and go to the cities, where they don't belong.

In the opening scene we find three pathetic victims of urban society suffering together in a tiny Houston apartment. The country woman who sold her land to pay for her son's business-school education is Mrs. Carrie Watts. She sleeps—or rather does not sleep—in the living room, does all the housework, and helps foot the bills with her pension check.

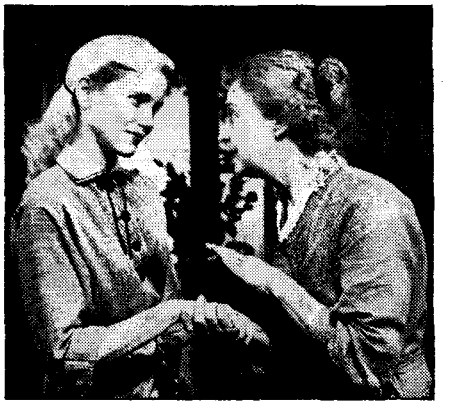
Nevertheless, she intrudes on the privacy of her son and his wife, if by nothing else than constantly digging up the roots of the past. In contrast there is her daughter-in-law Jessie Mae, who reads movie magazines and goes once a week to the beauty parlor to preserve her appearance, no matter what the precarious condition of the family budget. She makes little effort to bolster her husband's self-respect, every seeming kindness being in reality a knock. She is perfectly content never to have "a house with the room to keep a lot of junk in to remind you of things you're better off forgetting." In the middle is the married son, Ludie. He is too nice to lay down the law to anyone, and his only vice is wanting to see an occasional professional baseball game to remind him of the lost glory of his youth.

After taking twenty years of living in these cramped quarters, where an automobile accident outside the window is an eagerly anticipated diversion, Carrie hides one of her pension checks and lights out for Bountiful, her birthplace. The place is now a dilapidated ghost town killed by the indolence of men who wore out their land and moved to larger centers to become salaried workers. With a great deal of difficulty she reaches her destination, but is quickly dragged back by her son and his wife to her city hell.

Since these events are not terribly exciting in themselves, most of the drama comes from the conflagrations that burn silently within the characters. But the two leading actors do not approach their lines with this enough in mind. Miss Gish is a facile puppet who does an amazing number of things but appears to feel only a few of them. Her angry cry of apparent defeat at the end of Act II is an exception, but her final words, "Goodbye, Bountiful, Goodbye!", are as corny as Bountiful in bygone Augusts. Jo Van Fleet turns the role of Jessie Mae into a comic caricature that is as ruinously one-sided as it is brilliantly funny. She does make contact with the real play in the scene where she laughs to keep from crying, as she discusses her failure to have children.

On the other hand, Gene Lyons as the son and Eva Marie Saint as a bus companion who has just said goodbye to her overseas-headed soldier husband interpret their roles with a simplicity and dignity that is more appropriate to the play. Miss Saint will invade your heart permanently with the bittersweet way she tells about her feeling for her husband: "Girls I know think I'm silly about him. Can't help it."

"A Trip to Bountiful" is a work that shows considerable progress over "The Chase" for playwright Horton



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Foote. But those of us fortunate enough to have seen Kim Stanley's great performance in his "A Young Lady of Property" on TV last April know that Mr. Foote can do even better when he deals less with narrative and more with the inner life of the individual. The characters in "A Trip to Bountiful" have some of that inner life too, even though you must erase and reconstruct some of the performances to see it.

IF MR. FOOTE has given city life a merciless drubbing, George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann have tossed a light flick of the hand in the face of big business. **"The Solid Gold Cadillac"** is a fairy tale about Laura Partridge, a lovable but practical retired actress who becomes a tycoon simply by questioning the railroading tactics of a slick board of directors at an anuual stockholders' meeting.

What with Laura Partridge being played by Josephine Hull, who can make the most sinister deed seem like spontaneous benevolence, the simplest plot suffices. Indeed, Miss Hull's short, dowdy figure contrasting with the inflated size and formidable polish of her executive adversaries transforms the satiric proceedings into a comic strip. Only at one moment when the authors have been unwise enough to leave her out of an important scene does the play depart from this level of pure fun-poking. Of the other actors Henry Jones, as a wily and smug company treasurer, paints a precisely exaggerated portrait that should be studied by any actor who wants to understand how to make fun of a role without losing credibility. Loring Smith appears not yet to have mastered such delicate artistry, but he nevertheless manages to be uproarious on occasion in the role of Big Ed McKeever, who has been forced to sell his holdings in the company he heads in order to accept a job in Washington.

Indeed, the whole evening stands on separate pilings of humor and not on any substantial foundations of good play constructions or new ideas. It is less a Solid Gold Cadillac than it is a Model-T Ford with water in the gas tank. Yet, like those wonderful old cars, it does get the short way it has to go, and with Miss Hull in the driver's seat it is a most pleasant trip.

WITH more serious aims, the Artists Theatre, which in the first six months of its existence devoted most of its efforts to the development of an avant-garde personality, has finally produced an absorbing one-act play. Lionel Abel's **"Death of Odysseus"** is based on a description of the lost "Niptra" of Sophocles. In that play Odysseus, after his return to Ithaca, fights and is killed by an invading warrior who turns out to be Telegonus, his son by Circe. Mr. Abel's play, while it leads to the same outcome, is completely original. His Odysseus is a double man, for he begins by saying, "There is a coldness between me and the man I was." The events that follow demonstrate with fine comic insight the clarification of this picture to the point where the weary traveler's soul can shuck off the crafty reputation of the legendary character who in every predicament chose to survive at all costs. The trip to the next world is one he must make with an un-Odyssean self that prefers death to the killing of his own son.

The piece is not without faults, the principal one being that Odysseus's decision not to let Telemachus fight in his place, and thus circumvent the oracle's prophecy that he would be killed that day by his own son, is not strongly motivated in the dialogue. Yet the quality of writing is high throughout, and contains such wise observations as, "Weakness, after all, lies simply in preferring some other type of strength to the sort one can actually exert." There are also excellent bits of irony like Odysseus's reply to the allegation that his clever past exploits do not inspire bravery among his troops. "Do I understand you to mean that my soldiers would be more courageous if I had been less—adroit?", he asks.

Jay Barney plays Odysseus with intelligence and Herbert Machiz's direction succeeds in translating much that is primarily literary into the language of stage action. "The Death of Odysseus" is a play which should be seen by a larger audience than the limited runs of the Artists Theatre can accomplish.

On the same bill is a delicate and not too expert performance by an all-Negro cast of Federigo García Lorca's **"The Love of Don Perlimplin and Belissa in the Garden."** The main virtues are some bright scenery by Alfred Leslie and some haunting music by Billy Strayhorn. While the actors are sometimes deficient, the sad poetic story of an older man who falls in love with a young girl still manages to come through. —HENRY HEWES.

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Those Censors Again

THIS month some 5,000 New Yorkers, subscription members of an educational, non-profit film club known as Cinema 16, will see an exciting and authentic feature-length documentary on African tribal life called **"Latuko."** Filmed by Edgar M. Queeny (the M. is for Monsanto, the huge chemical firm which he heads) on an American Museum of Natural History expedition in 1950, the picture was intended for general theatrical release. It has, in fact, already been seen in some few theatres in New Jersey, Missouri, and California—states without censorship. But New York's censors found the film "indecent," a ruling upheld by the State Board of Regents following an appeal from the Museum earlier this year, and "Latuko" has been refused the license necessary for theatrical distribution in New York State. (Why it can still be seen through the auspices of Cinema 16, Cecile Starr will explain next month in her monthly department, IDEAS ON FILM.)

If ever a film exposed decency as a state of mind that film is "Latuko." Its banning impugns the integrity of Mr. Queeny, a trustee of the Museum of Natural History, and even of the Museum itself, for the Museum has given its unqualified support to his picture. And, although all the profits from exhibition have been assigned to it, the Museum has steadfastly refused to cut out a single frame to enhance its commercial value. "It is the Museum's judgment that there is nothing intrinsically indecent in portraying these African natives as they actually live," wrote Alexander White, president of the Museum, at the time of the New York censors' action.

What the censors object to, what they consider indecent in this film is the distressing fact that natives deep in the interior of the Sudan, just 4 degrees north of the equator, dress for the weather. The men, for the most part, are stark naked; the women wear only goatskin lappets, or aprons.

Of course, if this were an ordinary "exploitation picture," a film designed to be shown in the side-street sex houses, there might be cause to complain. But "Latuko" is a documentary in the best sense of the word. Its makers have compounded of the primitive rituals and rites, ceremonies

Three of the Latuko striding across a meadow with their carryalls.

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and superstitions, an authentic, anthropologically valuable record. They have followed the Latuko hunters into the tall grass where wild beasts lurk and have pictured the Latuko women on a ritualistic fishing expedition that throbs with wild, primitive joy and passion. Their cameras record rites that must certainly shock civilized sensibilities—gouging out the two front teeth of every full-grown boy, the blood-drinking ceremony that tests the courage of each young hunter, the steady round of animal sacrifices. But the film stresses that this is all part of a way of life, a life whose less spectacular aspects we are also shown. Centered upon a Latuko youth on the threshold of manhood, the film is in its own way as fascinating as, say, Margaret Mead's "Coming of Age in Samoa," and as valid. Portable sound apparatus permits us to hear the speech and chants of the natives, the cries of the wild animals, and the color is unusually good.

* * *

The release of **"Crazylegs, All-American"** has been carefully timed to coincide with the peak of the football season. It is, as any fan of the game could tell you, the story of Elroy "Crazylegs" Hirsch, All-American halfback at Wisconsin in 1942 and Michigan in 1943 and still one of the best pro players in the business. Actually, though, the film is far less an ode to a football hero than a quiet and often effective tribute to the human spirit.

Elroy Hirsch was climbing from triumph to triumph when he suffered a fractured skull in a game. He recovered, but his coordination was completely gone. The experts agreed that he could never play again. But patiently, doggedly Hirsch practised and exercised until, three years later, he was not only back in the game but one of its outstanding players. In this film Hirsch plays himself, a smiling, unassuming man who looks a little like Kirk Douglas. Also on hand are such football notables as Bob Waterfield, Bob Kelley, and Bill Brundige. In fact, if you search the succession of newsreel clips that document the career of "Crazylegs" you will probably find most of the football "greats" of the past decade turning up at one time or another. Hall Bartlett put the film together on a low budget, but with real affection for both the sport and his hero—and with the good taste never to oversell or oversentimentalize either. "Crazylegs" may have its awkward moments, especially when dealing with domestic crises in Hirsch's life, but it maintains a high level of credibility and honest feeling.

—Arthur Knight.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Erna Berger's Wolf, Mitropoulos's Beethoven

ONE OF the penalties of being such a specialist of the high soprano voice as Erna Berger is that there is little escape from singing an Erna Berger program. At her recent reappearance in Town Hall Miss Berger ranged rather widely to balance such arch examples of her art as Ilia's aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo" (in German), the "Brentano Lieder" of Richard Strauss, Brahms's "Mädchenlieder" of 1877, and a Wolf group. All of it, however, sounded exactly like Erna Berger, which was rather more fortunate for Wolf than for Brahms.

Actually, without treading too well-trod territory, Miss Berger made a considerable argument for the fact that Wolf had such a soprano as she in mind when he wrote "An eine Aeolsharfe," "Auf einer Wanderung," and particularly "Die Zigeunerin." The last belongs to what might be called the spooky department of Wolf's art, in which mercurial movement of the voice and aptly interspersed silences add to a highly colorful character study. It should not be overlooked that while Miss Berger was giving maximum value to the fanciful text she was also singing with full technical control and a delightful quality of sound.

On the other hand, her version of "Das verlassene Mädgelein" was several shades brighter than the best interest of the song requires, and her choice of "Verborgenheit" for an encore indicated a decidedly debatable conception of what is appropriate for her particular kind of mastery. It would be akin to hearing the "Andante Cantabile" from Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony rendered as a flute, rather than a horn, solo. This was very fine flute playing, but without the first requisite of vocal art—a suitable match of matter with manner. In the "Brentano Lieder" (which Miss Berger has made singularly her own, on the concert stage and discs) her delicate control, exhaustingly accurate intonation, and lively sense of poetic content gave the sizable audience something authentic to cheer about. Paul Berl's accompaniments were accurate but a little dry.

BEETHOVEN's "Missa Solemnis" is one of the most arduous tasks a conductor can confront, calling for sustained preparation on the part of all concerned, a kind of concentration and organized purpose not easy to command in the midst of a conventional concert-giving schedule. Dimitri Mitropoulos's presentation of the work with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra recently in Carnegie Hall had various manner of shortcomings, of which the most serious, perhaps, was a misunderstanding of how one goes about dealing with such a work as this.

It is questionable, in the first instance, whether a choral group of the size of the Westminster Choir is either necessary or desirable. Certainly their numbers magnified considerably the problems of accuracy and unanimity in the great moments of contrapuntal writing, such as the fugue at the end of the "Credo." Nor is it possible to consider a tenor with as small a voice as Harvey Smith-Spencer's a suitable element in a well-balanced quartet. Mack Harrell, an emergency replacement for the indisposed Jerome Hines, gave his usual kind of sturdy performance, though the weighty low tones of the music are not in his voice. Nell Tangeman was a serious-minded, intelligent exponent of the mezzo part (here, too, more vocal richness would be desirable), and Eleanor Steber varied from excellent to acceptable, depending on how Beethoven's writing for soprano suited what she was doing.

I cite this not too acute casting of the vocal quartet as a key to Mitropoulos's not too acute comprehension of the work as a whole. Beethoven, after all, was certainly as much a composer for the orchestra as he was for a vocal quartet or a chorus. Yet in too many instances (such as the "passus et sepultus" of the Credo) there was a great gulf between the vocalists at the front and rear of the stage. What was meant to be conveyed by the orchestra was left too much to the instincts of the players. Admirable as those are, they need a consolidating force, an integrating guidance which Mitropoulos did not provide.

In the circumstances it is perhaps reasonable for some to question whether "third-period Beethoven" is the soaring, heaven-storming thing others consider it. But the first fact of anything that soars is an elevation of spirit, and even a balloon needs a certain amount of heated air to lift it off

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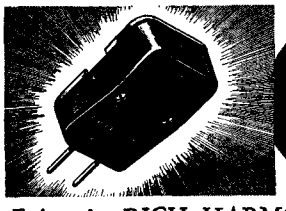

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the ground. The Mitropoulos "Missa" had to be earthbound, for the simple reason that it lacked enough re-creative force to deal with the weighty problems involved. To paraphrase some recent military thinking, it was the wrong work, in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Bookmarks

* * *

THE name of Thomas Bewick is familiar to readers of antiquarian book catalogues, students of ornithology, authorities on publishing history, and admirers of a technique and a proficiency in wood-engraving that have never been surpassed. The name is familiar, that is to say, visually, but not always phonetically. We tried it recently on half a dozen people who knew that Bewick was an Englishman who flourished in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but each of them called him Bee-wick. Etymologically they were on firm ground, for we learn from Montague Weekly's "Thomas Bewick," issued not long since by Oxford University Press, that "the name, which is not uncommon in the north of England, derives from Anglo-Saxon *beo-wic*, bee farm." So if you want to refer to your or your neighbor's Buick as a bee-farm go right ahead, for Buick was what Thomas called himself, as do all those other north countrymen that Mr. Weekly mentions. Altogether, this is quite a Bewick year (and don't try to make anything of that, General Motors). Oxford has also issued S. Roscoe's elaborate and comprehensive bibliography raisonné of editions of the works of Bewick issued during his lifetime. The terminal is important because Bewick, like Blake, wrote, illustrated, and, to a considerable degree, marketed his own productions.

* * *

How to say "if" if you are being paid by the word. "In the event that."

* * *

"Of course my book will be autobiographical," we overheard a first novelist say to a second novelist the other day, "but it will be autobiographical about somebody else."

* * *

Only leisure and accessibility to printed matter in quantity are essential if one is to be widely read, but something else is necessary before one can qualify as deeply read.

* * *

Add words overworked: *gracious*, as in gracious living, gracious dining. Gracious sake! —J. T. W.

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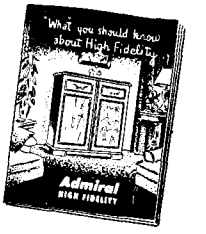

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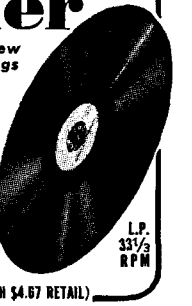

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Daddy Pinza and Daddy Thomas

PHILIP MORRIS doesn't know it, but it's sponsoring a crime show Saturday nights on NBC-TV. The crime is "Bonino," starring Ezio Pinza, and the victim is an illusion that is slowly being murdered—a beautiful, vital, and universal illusion, yours and mine. We met it first in "South Pacific" on that enchanted evening when Pinza walked into Mary Martin's life. He was romantic, he was cosmopolitan, he was virile. He got the girl and he was over fifty; that was the point. Maturity had triumphed over youth.

Ever since then Pinza has stood for something. To those gray around the temples and wide around the hips he has been an advancing banner of renascence, a stirring horn of peak performance, a flat curve that will never know depression. And now what have they done to our dream on "Bonino"? They have emasculated, eviscerated, and domesticated it; Jurgen has come home to his beer and his bedroom slippers. No longer the Phoenix lover, our Pinza is merely a father; worse, he follows the ball scores and is an expert on stealing second base. Where once was assurance and the comforting touch of power, now there is only the stereotype of *pater americanus*, well-meaning, tenderly stupid, and utterly inadequate in every department of his life except his profession. Weep for Adonais!

In the trade they are trying to figure it out. They blame the writing, the acting, the casting, etc. But it is none of these. For, uninspired as they are, even if they were better they could still not light the candle for want of the tallow. The murder of the illusion is the heart of the mystery. It isn't that we are affronted by an amiable daddy. A number of radio and television programs play upon the theme harmlessly if not successfully ("Father Knows Best," "Life of Reilly," "Pride of the Family"). In their cases it does not matter. Their father images do not come into conflict with our inner recognition that as caricatures they are more or less true. The mistake of the creators of "Bonino" is their failure to recognize that Ezio has long since ceased to be Pinza. He is the myth that none of us really wants to wash out of our hair. To take this myth and turn it into the father of eight children, a singer-widower who has grown away from his family and who gives up the road for a year to knit up the raveled sleeve of his home-life, to do this is to perpetrate an iconoclasm that we resent with all the bitter splinters of our fractured egos.

Is Bonino (that's the singer's name) giving the young men spades in years and effortlessly trumping them with Old World charm? Is he liquefying the livers of young ladies with a song, a style, an indefinable something? Not at all. He is ducking for apples with the kids on Halloween, making awkward conversation with the boy his eldest daughter wants to marry, playing Scrabble in the kitchen with an absurd manager, and teaching his littlest boy how to sing "Alouette" so the other kids won't laugh at him. All this is commendable for that conventional genus, the head of the family, but our Pinza is heart and not head. He doesn't belong. He rarely sings, and then mere bits of third-rate Rodgers and Hammerstein imitations. He is like a thoroughbred hitched to a milk wagon. He wants to be Pegasus, and the kiddies feed him lumps of sugar while he swats the flies with an uncombed tail. Even when he proposes it's not to April but to Autumn—an attractive but well-established countess; and the content of their amorous dialogue is not moonstruck but earthly with family obligations, business problems, and all the clutter of life as it really is and not as we look to Ezio Pinza for it.

It is rumored that Mr. Pinza wants to get away from the "South Pacific" image. He can't—and shouldn't. His audience doesn't want him to. They may not exactly know why, but this is what disturbs them at present. His is a rare combination of gifts and talent: a great voice, a magnificent presence, and a commanding artistry. Bonino has not one of the three. Mr. Pinza should return to the dream we all knew.

ANOTHER show business-father program came along at about the same time as "Bonino"—"Make Room for Daddy," starring Danny Thomas, the singing comedian, Tuesday nights, over ABC-TV. Mr. Thomas is a likable, clever, and funny nightclub comedian. Whoever conceived this vehicle for him knew what he was doing. The image we may have of him, or that which we get if we haven't

The Wanderer

By John Mott Ronaelson

ON WHAT last bed shall I lie down?
In what far country—alien town?
On which dim planet shall I find
Asylum for a questing mind?
On what remote remodeled earth
Shall my last atom find re-birth?

Will this small handful of insensate dust
stripped stark of virtue, violence and lust,
spilled and bestrewn—subservient—supine
throughout the long circumference of time—
draw once again a wisp of sentient breath
after the dark hiatus men call death?

Shall one more universe evolve
through flaming chaos to dissolve
the atom's ultimate residue
and re-create a soul anew,
re-cast in a terrestrial mold
another cycle to unfold?

Or will the spent spirit—winging far
to some slow-circling ill-lit star
outside the last periphery of space,
beyond all bounds of distance, time or place,
resolve the riddle of the cosmic scheme
and know again the young, inviolate dream?

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already seen him on television is in perfect harmony with the business at hand in each program. In "Bonino" the author has burdened himself with a network of characters and relationships which he keeps juggling and perpetuating each week in an ascending, soap-opera scale. Since the initial patterns are unbelievable and dull, the disinterest is compounded weekly. Mr. Thomas's writers, however, have placed him in a very simple construct —a wife, two children, a maid, and a piano player. Each episode is an entity in itself. The characters are all credible and winning. The premise that an entertainer's professional and home life can be successfully reconciled is agreeable. Best of all, the touch is light; the authors never take their situations too seriously.

ONE arose when Danny's wife, catching her husband's act at the nightclub, drew an accidental laugh from his audience and promptly envisioned herself as a potential star. A theatrical agent, plus Danny's initial lack of sympathy, persuaded her to accept a one-night engagement in Altoona, Pa. (the dress she bought for the appearance cost her $150; her salary was $30). Another episode unfolded when Danny's eleven-year-old daughter, on the eve of a holiday he had long planned with his wife, announced that she had "booked" her father to play a benefit for her 6-B class in public school. Danny reluctantly agreed, when she tearfully insisted that the other kids wouldn't believe she had a show-business father unless he appeared; whereupon she handed him the "material" she had selected for him, Longfellow's poem "The Children's Hour." Danny stuck to his own routine, "laid an egg" with the tough 6-B'ers, and in desperation brought the house down a brick at a time with a tender, serious recitation of "Between the dark and the daylight. . . ."

Mr. Thomas is in his idiom. When he cracks a joke at home it's habit, and we believe it. When he says to his daughter, "Let's play horsey," he makes a floor-show gag out of her response: "O.K. Daddy, here's two dollars. Put it on Count Flash in the seventh." The family values are authentic, and the professional behavior rings true. The expert blending of the two in the opening programs promises the most consistently amusing life-with-father show on the air. Mr. Pinza, meet Danny Thomas. "Bonino," "Make Room For Daddy."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

NEW EDITIONS

A Quartet of Revivals

A NEW publishing firm that merits hearty encouragement has been established at Palo Alto, California, under the name of Academic Reprints. As its name declares, its business is reprints and its orientation is scholarly; but the first four titles on its list indicate that the members of the firm, and their professorial advisers, are prepared to cast a wide net that will haul into public view books that will interest non-academic as well as academic readers. The first four reprints—all reproduced from original editions by photo-offset—are "The Tears of the Indians" ($6.50), by Bartolomeo de las Casas; Auguste Comte's "A General View of Postivism" ($5.50), translated by J. H. Bridges; "The Chinese and Their Rebellions" ($11), by Thomas Taylor Meadows; and "The Treason of the Senate" ($4.75), by David Phillips. Here, surely, is a mixed bill of fare.

"The Tears of the Indians," first published in English in 1656, is a translation of "Bravissima Historia," by a bishop of New Spain, and is best described by its own subtitle—"An Historical and true Account of the Cruel Massacres and Slaughters of above Twenty Millions of Innocent People, Committed by the Spaniards in the Islands of Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, &c. As also in the Continent of Mexico, Peru, & other Places of the West-Indies, To the total destruction of those countries." The first edition of this prime source-book for study of Spain's grisly conduct in the New World has long been known to exist in only a few copies, and has only once before (1699) been republished.

Bridges's translation of "Discours de l'ensemble de postivisme" is the best introduction that I know to the thought of a philosopher whose message for our time is that we cannot hope for any social improvement until we have achieved a moral transformation; that we might as well stop thinking about progress unless we can learn to make intellect the servant of morality, as philosophy was once supposed to be the handmaid of theology. Comte is out of fashion these days, but if we knock away the fantastic superstructure with which he burdened his elaborate philosophical-political edifice, we shall find solid masonry underneath.

"The Treason of the Senate" consists of nine articles written for *Cosmopolitan* magazine in 1906, in which Phillips attacked the "big business" Senators of his day with a ferocity that makes the most deadly of our present journalistic hatchet-men sound like polite spinsters gossiping over Cranford teacups. Chauncey M. Depew, "the Vanderbilt lobbyist"—"the sly courtier-agent, with the greasy conscience and the greasy tongue and the greasy backbone and the greasy hinges of the knees"—was Phillips's pet target; but the great muckraker had plenty of epithets left for Nelson W. Aldrich, "the organizer of this treason," and for the other Senators, including Lodge, whom he named as belonging to "the Republican-Democratic 'merger' for protecting and aiding the big exploiters of the American people."

PHILLIPS'S book has more popular stuff in it than any of its companions, but my own favorite of the lot is the fat volume by Meadows, British civil servant and interpreter for some ten years in China, who knew what he meant by civilization (he had read Comte), who really understood the Chinese, as well as their language, and who was ready to do battle with other Sinologues at the drop of an ideograph. He set out—his book was published in 1856—to explain the true nature of the Taiping Rebellion (1850-64) to his countrymen; but that attempt was only part of a whole in which he explored the character, religion, and morality of the Chinese, illumined their way of thinking by an analysis of their language, and sought to discover the springs of their long national continuance. His book is formless and discursive—in his attempt to define civilization he incidentally calculates that between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five the average man spends 1,820 of the best hours of his life in the act of shaving —but it is richly interesting, and it tells us much of a people with whom our fate is now entangled and whom we need to understand. (The address of Academic Reprints is P.O. Box 3003, Stanford, California.)

Knopf has reprinted Hamsun's "The Growth of the Soil" ($4). New Everyman volumes ($1.65 each) are Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde," edited by John Warrington, and Steele's "The Tatler," selected and edited by Lewis Gibbs.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Science

Continued from page 24

up much tourist trade for Matto Grosso, it does give us a rare glimpse of that grim wonderland. It is also one of the most intriguing personal adventure stories this reviewer has read in years.

Notes

WHAT MAKES A SCIENTIST TICK: "I had gotten myself into it—no one asked me to do it. What I had done was to get hold of sixty-four of the country's leading scientists, get them to give me literally hours of their time, during which they told me about themselves and let me give them the works, psychologically speaking." This statement not only summarizes a research project that took three years to complete, but also indicates the informal tone in which **"The Making of a Scientist"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.75) is written. Dr. Anne Roe, a New York psychologist, includes statistics in her interesting study of the investigators' backgrounds. Most of them come from the Midwest (twenty-five); fewest from the South (four). About half of them had fathers who were professional men; none were the offspring of unskilled laborers.

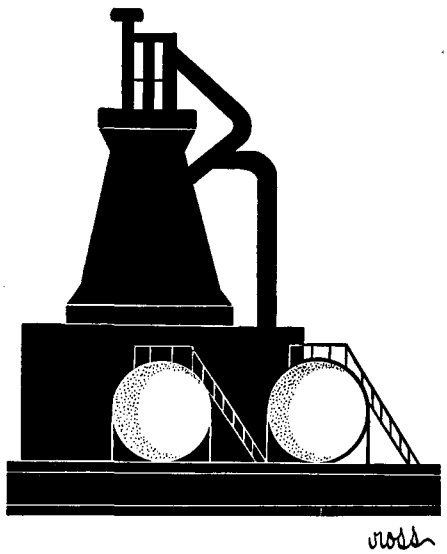
But some of the most interesting and unexpected findings concern the early lives of eminent scientists. More than 60 per cent were the first-born children of their families (fifteen were only children). Furthermore, an unusually large proportion had lost one or both parents before they were ten years old. From these and other facts the author draws cautious and provocative conclusions. For one thing, she points out that the scientists-to-be may have had more opportunities to rely on their own initiative than most children. Recalling their youth, they often spoke of feeling isolated and most of them had "intense private interests." Psychological tests, such as the Rohrschach procedure, which depends upon a person's interpretation of standard inkblots, tend to confirm the significance of these psychological characteristics.

There is a plausible connection between such feelings and an extra striving for independence. The records indicate that the scientists frequently have a strong desire or urge to obtain "personal mastery of the environment," which may be traceable to "deep insecurities" in childhood—a possibility that has occurred to some psychoanalysts. This sort of study certainly tempts the psychologist to take a deep breath and make sweeping generalizations of the most unscientific variety. Dr. Roe is to be congratulated for resisting the temptation. Indeed, she emphasizes the small number of scientists interviewed and the need for more extensive research. It is hoped that support for such work will be forthcoming. Scientists have been busy explaining things, and it is high time someone started to explain them.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

LORE ABOUT LOCOMOTION: It is one thing to watch an animal moving and something else again to discover how the process works. The brain evolved largely as an organ to coordinate action, as a servant of the body, and intricate patterns of nerve signals and muscle contractions are extremely difficult to analyze in the laboratory. Some of the most interesting findings are described in **"How Animals Move"** (Cambridge University Press, $3), which deals brilliantly with a subject rarely presented to laymen. Dr. James Gray, professor of zoology at the University of Cambridge in England, has expanded a series of Christmas lectures delivered at the Royal Institution to an audience of children and their parents. He writes so clearly that the reader has little trouble grasping some rather subtle points, and covers a wide range of animal movements from the lowly amoeba (average speed: about half an inch per hour).

Among insects the South African millipede, proud possessor of about 400 legs, receives special mention: "Each foot touches the ground a moment before the one just ahead of it, and the legs move as the keys of a piano move when a finger is drawn along them." Some fish stories are debunked with scientific ruthlessness—for example, anglers' notions about



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the speed of salmon and trout. But other research indicates that there is a good deal to wonder at within the realm of cold fact. The dolphin, "Nature's finest swimmer," has been studied by the designers of submarines and torpedoes, because it can maintain speeds of up to twenty-five miles an hour without tiring appreciably. The sea-dwelling mammals seem to be built according to principles more effective than our most ingenious methods of streamlining. Professor Gray also discusses the movements of antelopes, horses, bear, kangaroos, snakes, and men with the aid of excellent diagrams and photographs. This unique book is one of the year's best popularizations of science.

—J. F.

WHAT GIVES US OUR COLOR: "The elements which constitute the vast realm of color in nature have, from the earliest days of man, arrested his attention and incited his wonder." With these words Dr. Denis L. Fox, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in California, introduces **"Animal Biochromes and Structural Colours"** (Cambridge University Press, $11), an ambitious and comprehensive study of animal colors. His book is addressed to fellow scientists and makes no effort to express facts in nontechnical terms, but it contains so much interesting material that it makes an invaluable reference even for amateur naturalists. Dr. Fox conveys a vivid sense of the fact that nature does not always draw the distinction between animate and inanimate things as sharply as we do. He has a feeling for the continuity of matter in all its forms.

For example, the blue of the sky results from the scattering of light by particles in the air, and a similar type of scattering in animal tissues produces many "living" blues. It accounts for blue eyes of kittens and human infants, misty blues in jellyfish and dragonfly wings, and the brilliant hues of the posteriors of certain monkeys and baboons. Thin layers of tightly sandwiched tissues account for the iridescent colors in pearls, fish scales, snake skin, and fingernails; "carotenoids" related to vitamin A are found in many places from the shell of a lobster to the light-sensitive cells of the eye. Another group of chemicals, which includes the green plant pigment chlorophyll, is represented in the nervous systems of most birds and mammals and may be associated with mental illness in man. Dr. Fox indicates that we have a great deal to learn about natural pigments—and that what we learn will be of interest to artists, physicians, and farmers as well as scientists. —J. F.

YALE

He was the first great American artist... a patriot with a paintbrush, who put Washington's career on canvas

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Kings Back to Back, Also Big Casino

IN THESE days when it is altogether possible for a man who thought he was knocking down a princely sum to find out he is living like a pauper it warms the ventricles to find a place where ex-kings live like kings on very little money.

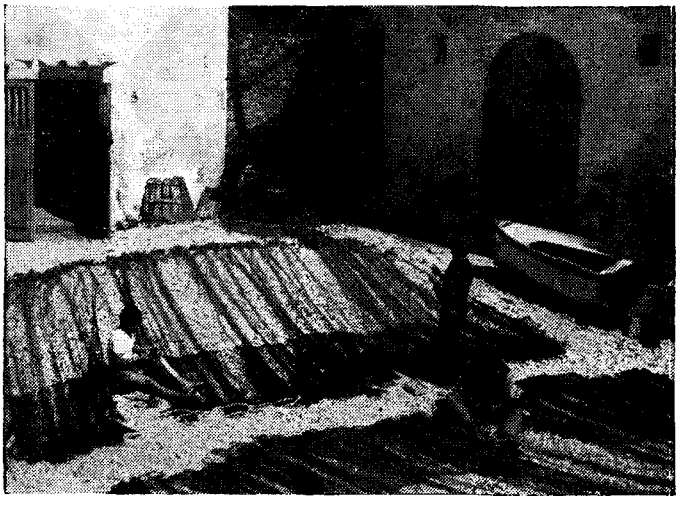
A few weeks back I paid a visit to Estoril, a sunny seaside suburb about fifteen miles from Lisbon where the world's unemployed kings are living on what it costs a coachman to keep skin and bones together at home. Estoril is decorated with such unemployed royalty as Umberto of Italy, Don Juan of Spain, Archduke Franz Joseph of Austria, and Princess Helena, widow of the late ex-King Carol of Rumania. There are also a number of pretenders to former thrones, including Don Juan of Spain, the Count de Paris, and Don Duarte, who pretends to the throne of Portugal, a job of pretending that ought to qualify him for membership in Actor's Equity. This collection of tarnished crowns has even drawn Admiral Horthy of Hungary, though he falls in the singular category of ex-regents, a rare species. About the only dukes who seem to be missing are Windsor, who prefers the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and Snider and Ellington, both of whom are occupied with gainful employment elsewhere.

The best hotel in Estoril is the Estoril Palace, and I must say that, like the king habit, it is a little seedy. However, you can repose with comfort if not elegance in its expanse for as little as 80$. Putting the dollar sign after the figures indicates the currency is escudos, which is a very good plan since rooms in the Palace are not worth $80. With the escudo pegged at .035 cents, a king or a carpenter can put up at the best hotel on the strand for a fast $2.80.

If the Estoril Palace is not as *soignée* as the layout at Buckingham, which is also still in business, at least it is merely a two-minute walk from the sea. Here in the good months the beach is spattered with square awnings stretched between parallel ropes. Old burnished women with bare feet tramp the sands selling water by the glass, dished out from an earthenware jug carried on the head. At the top of the stairs that leads down to the seaside an old man sells cheese cakes from Sintra, a nearby town that is also a favorite of the kings. "Queijadas de Sintra!" shouts the cheese cake man. "Muito Boas! Muito Barato!" Very good, very cheap.

WERE I an ex-king I would not bother with the beach at Estoril, but I would go instead a few miles up the line to Guincho, which is a fabulous expanse of sand of the sort of acreage that Dietrich preferred when she tramped the dunes in her stocking feet in pictures about North Africa. There are very few actresses tramping in shoeless feet at Guincho, and as a matter of fact there are very few people at all. You can rent one of those cabanas that look like the tent of a sheik for fifty cents a day, and the beach that fronts on the Atlantic is broad and clean. If you have not brought your lunch it is procurable in one of a half-dozen places that sit on the cliffs by the sea. The Monte Mar, for instance, has an underground pool of milky green seawater eddying in a limestone cave. A waiter will lift up the slats that cover a catwalk and haul up boxes of live lobsters or *santolas,* which are giant red crabs. While your choice is broiling you sit upstairs in a lattice shack hanging over the sea and contemplate the Atlantic. A lobster reclining in a bed of buttered rice comes to thirty escudos, or about one dollar American.

The fishermen who trap these fish



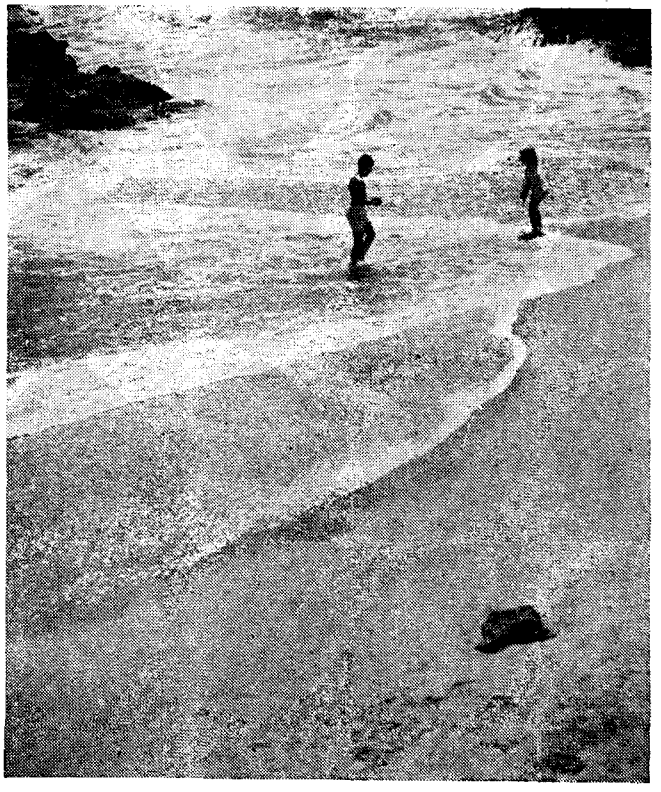


PHOTO CONTEST: On the beach many subjects can be found for the camera as these two entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photographic Contest demonstrate. On the left, fishnets are repaired and dried on the beach at Capri in this scene snapped by Mrs. Denise A. Heller of New York City with a Rolleiflex. On the right, a lovely pattern of sea, sand, and bathers is formed in this picture taken at Laguna Beach, California, by P. D. Eastman of Van Nuys, California, with an Argoflex-Model E. Both these pictures are to be considered for the twenty-six prizes in *SR*'s Photo Contest, the Grand Prize of which is a flight around the world via Pan American World Airways' luxury airliners.

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live in the metropolis of Cascais, a port between Estoril and Guincho. If you want to tell a cabdriver to convey you there you say "Cash-cayash!"; you will probably come to the right place. Fishing boats and sailing boats ride the anchor side by side in Cascais, and when the fishermen are not out catching fish they are sitting on the wharves mending nets. And when the nets are being mended the net markers, which are really the inflated bladders of pigs painted every which color, hang from poles and look like balloons at a carnival.

A place where kings go to pick at fish is a restaurant called Fim do Mundo. Now, that expression when translated becomes End of the World, an idea that the proprietors, who are Antonio, José, and Steve, never intended. Fim do Mundo sort of corresponds to Out of this World. You can imagine the panic that ensues when a caller who has received the wrong number hears Antonio pick up the receiver to say "End of the World." Aside from kings, Fim do Mundo also has been discovered by Americans, a fact I found out when Steve advised me that his martinis are "very dry, seven to wan." Steve also brews something out of American whiskey, rum, lemon, and orange curaçao. "After you drink it, Fim do Mundo," Steve says, and I'm not sure whether he means "out of" or "end of." If you get around to eating try the lobster stuffed with cheese and white sauce or the Portuguese bouillabaisse.

On Sundays near Estoril a great market comes to life on the fair grounds at San Pedro de Sintra. Wizened old Portuguese farmers come in *barretes,* which are black stocking caps that look like the tuques worn in French Canada. Here they are worn by the *salois,* who have strong Moorish strains and prefer black. Dancing along the road on the way to market will be a flock of turkeys kept in a bunch by a herder who flicks them lightly with a long willowy stick. Fine ladies come to market too, carrying black umbrellas to keep off the sun, mingling with the *ciganos,* who are gypsies down from the hills to trade a horse. The livestock men sit on their sticks in a curious balance, smoking and waiting, and the pig-keepers add to the racket by pulling their young pigs out of wooden coops and holding them up by a hind leg while they mark their hides with a snip of the scissors. And when it is time for mass the farmers come to church festooned with strings of garlic, and sometimes accompanied by a random goat or sow.

IF a king gets homesick down on the Portuguese Riviera he can—as

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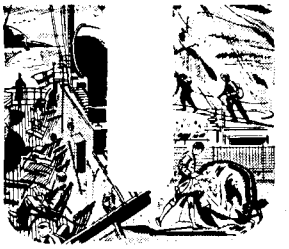

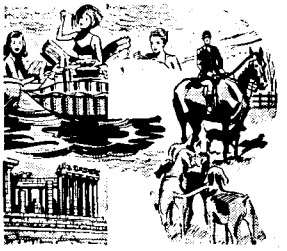

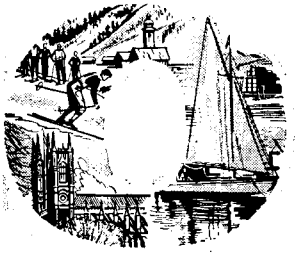

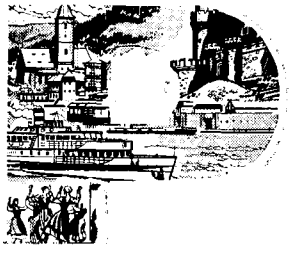

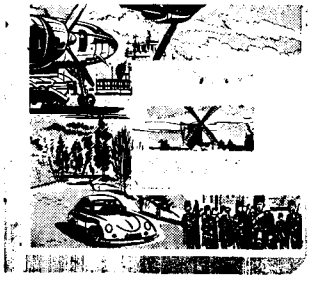

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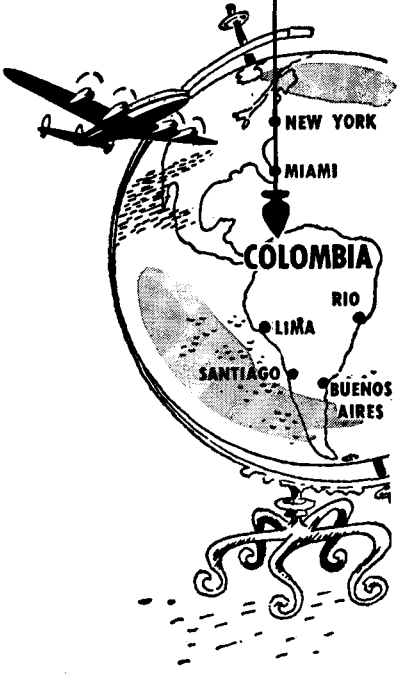

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most tourists do—take a spin up to Sintra's Pena Palace, a tremendous hilltop monstrosity built by a German prince who married into Portuguese royalty. Moorish motifs run barefoot through the stone ramparts, and from the path that runs around the great walls you can look out to a rocky hillock where the ruins of a true Moorish castle remain. Beyond, across the soft roll of the plain, are the beaches and the sea.

At night the lights come on in Estoril's elaborate casino, which spreads over a hilltop looking down at the hotels and the sea. One of the casino's nightclubs is decorated like a yacht, a particularly popular place with the king coterie, who enjoy whiling away the hours on the stationary deck and dreaming of the old days. Another nightclub in the casino is merely decorated like a nightclub, but both offer dining and dancing. All of this is, of course, a side show, since the main attraction lies in the click of the chips beyond the curtained doors.

One may not merely walk in and toss a wad of escudos to the gods. First it is required that one pay for that privilege at the door. Having deposited a small fee for the opportunity of risking my capital I was then required to surrender my passport and tell the black-frocked doorkeepers in which hotel I was staying. My name was checked against a card index, which I presume was composed of confidence men, double agents, narcotics runners, and people who

Night Lamp

By Carleton Drewry

ALL troubles are truer at night.
Illness and loneliness, dread,
That live silent and pale in light,
Finding some body in bed,
Ring old alarms in the head.

In the thronged thicket of mind
The intricate thrust of sense
Divides self from its kind,
And the day's clear influence,
By one dark difference.

Vast shadows with no shape
Of substance, cast by thought,
Cornered here to no escape,
Double distress with doubt
Of the actual world without.

Still sick from feverous swamps,
Involved, and yet unevolved,
One needs more than man-made lamps
For this plight, this night not solved,
Nor by sun of day dissolved.

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win too often. It turned out I was none of these. I wasn't even Lucky Luciano. I was issued a green card numbered 16692. I felt the way I did the day I got my diploma from prep school. Being as public spirited as the next, I was happy to see that it isn't just any king who can walk into the gaming rooms of the Estoril Casino and squander the subtreasury.

Beyond the curtained doors a small crowd was occupied with roulette, baccarat, and the quietest crap game I ever saw. I have never been able to understand all the rules laid down by these establishments even when they are in English, and to play when the palaver is in Portuguese proved unthinkable. However, I shall treasure green card number 16692. It is a trophy I shall keep along with some stubs that prove how I once got into "South Pacific," and some matches from the day I had lunch at the Union League Club.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tale

GERMAN PANCAKE: George Mikes, who is supposed to be a humorist, is supposed to have written a funny book in **"Uber Alles"** (British Book Center, $2), but it is a mixture of many observations and the truth is its humor is flat as a flapjack. Mr. Mikes takes himself on a motor tour of Germany armed with a sense of humor and a knowledge of German. He comes home armed with the notes of scores of conversations with civil servants, policeman, a former Nazi, a former Silesian. From the notes a series of vignettes have been fashioned, and from the vignettes a number of broad and general opinions. Mr. Mikes finds the French the most popular of all the conquerors (because they are the most European and because they and the Germans know each other well). He found Bonn ridiculous as a capital and Berlin exciting and not very nervous at all. However, all this adds up to not very much, and conflicting thoughts rain thick and fast. For instance, there is the statement that in the American Zone the Germans "have had to succumb to the charms of Coca Cola and the American glossy magazines." The same old tired inference sounds clear and loud, yet not twenty lines later comes the sentence, "Speaking of American influence and culture one is prone to mention Coca Cola and *Time* magazine first, but the fact is that their libraries, and especially their scientific publications, are superb, and intelligent Germans . . . do benefit. . . ." "Uber Alles" is not exactly Gunther. —H. A. S.

NOTE: *Writing an advertisement without adjectives is like describing a spiral without using your hands. It's work. Nevertheless, we believe the facts about our* Golden State *(a streamliner) can stand by themselves. Hence you will find no adjectives herein except the word "friendly" in the signature, which we trust you will excuse.*

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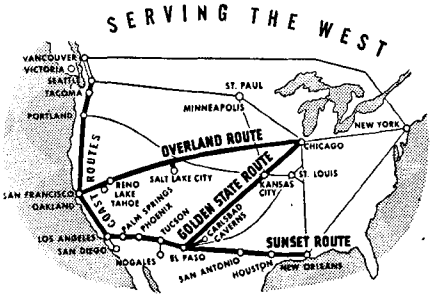
People who have made the trip before choose the *Golden State* again and again. It's pulled smoothly by a diesel. Its interior features the colors of the Southwest and West—the reds, browns, yellows and blues of the country you will see from the train's windows. You'll find just what you want to eat, prepared just the way you like it, in the *Golden State's* Coffee Shop or Dining Car.

The *Golden State* offers accommodations in Pullmans or Chair Cars. Your room in a Pullman assures you the privacy and comfort of a hotel. Your seat in a Chair Car is reserved for you throughout the trip, and, with its leg rest, is like a *chaise longue.* All cars have air conditioning, of course. Whatever your accommodations, you'll have fun on the *Golden State.*

We think you'll also enjoy a booklet we have just printed that describes our trains and routes. It is illustrated with Kodachromes furnished by artist-photographers. If you would like the copy we have for you, just drop a card to Mr. C. T. Collett, Southern Pacific, Dept. 703, 310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois. He'll send it to you right away.



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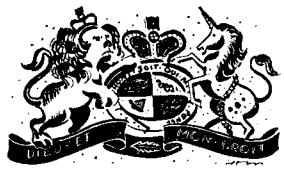


Signs of the U.K. Times

OUR agent in charge of strange signposts reports the following markers after a month's meandering through the British Isles:

Under the general heading of "Unattractive, Essex," he lists the villages of Ugley, Mucking, Messing, Foulness, and Sewer's End. Hertfordshire contains the settlement of Nasty and Scotland possesses the Isle of Muck.

This kind of talk can quite naturally lead to bloodshed, or at least to Loch Blood, Bloody Bay, Bloody Bum, Bloody Fold, Bloody Laws, and finally to Upper and Lower Slaughter.

In the commissary and saloon department there are Christmas Pie, Pie Corner, Pease Pottage, Asparagus Island, and in Kent the town of Ham Sandwich. Signs point the way to metropolises of High Ham and Butter Tubs, both in Yorkshire. Devon can offer Beer, Somerset has Beer Rackett or Beer and Stout, but you'll have to go to Berwick for Ale Water.

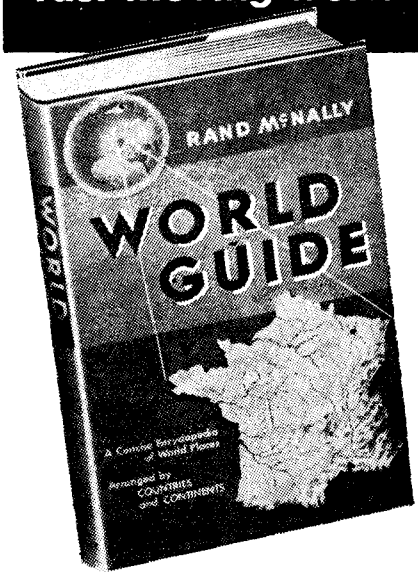
There are any number of places like Farthing Street, Farthingland, Farthinghoe, etc., also Penny Pot, Pennymoor, Penny Cross, and that lovely village yclept Broadhalfpenny Down. Northumberland invites the fortune-seeker to settle down in its village of Make-em-Rich.

Hampshire has three hamlets known as Over Wallop, Middle Wallop, and Nether Wallop. Class-conscious Gloucestershire offers Upper Swell and Lower Swell. An excursion in Cornwall should take you through London Apprentice, Indian Queen, Box Shop, Chew Magna, and that rare pair Come to Good and Hard to Come By.

In Yorkshire one can go to Hades, to Bedlam, or Hagg Dam Flask. Nomansland is in New Forest, Hampshire, and there are also a Nowhere and a Mockbegger. In Cambridgeshire don't miss No Hurrey, which is five miles from Anywhere.

For a rest there is hardly a better corner than Great Snoring, unless it's Little Snoring. Wales has a plath called Ystpitty Ystwith, and that magnificent entry known, so help us, as Llanfairpwllgwllgwyngyllgogerchwymdrobwlltysiliogogogoch. Doubtless concocted by a sign-painter who charges by the letter, or a linotyper who perhaps came from the Land of Nod, which is in Yorkshire. Not a bus or a train or a shop or a telephone in the place either. —H. A. S.

In handy form . . . the facts you need to know about a fast-moving world



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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

BRIDLE THE WIND. By Julia Davis. Rinehart & Co. $3. In a novel previous to this —"*Cloud on the Land*" (1951)—*Miss Davis* told of Lucy and Angus MacLeod and their antebellum plantation in Virginia. Here the time is 1853, and most of the book recounts Lucy's painful experiences endured while actively fighting slavery, a system her husband defends.

CHINA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: The Journals of Matthew Ricci, 1583-1610. Translated from the Latin by Louis J. Gallagher, S. J. Random House. $7.50. A look at sixteenth-century China via the journals of a missionary from the Society of Jesus who traveled widely through that country in the years 1583-1610.

THE COMPLEAT PRACTICAL JOKER. By H. Allen Smith. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A kind of history of the practical joke, by the totem-pole man.

THE COMPLETE STORIES OF ERSKINE CALDWELL. By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5. A heaping plate of corn pone, this collection includes twenty-five years' worth of work and nearly one hundred stories. They have appeared in story collections, in newspapers, and in such as *Harper's*, The *Atlantic*, *Esquire*, and *The New Yorker*.

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FAVORITE FLOWERS. Compiled and edited by Marjorie P. Johnson and Montague Free. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A complete handbook for the home gardener. Eight color plates and 106 drawings.

THE DYNAMICS OF SOVIET SOCIETY. By W. W. Rostow. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.95. A study of the workings of Soviet society, from top to bottom, so far as it is known today, based on the collective findings of scholars attached to the Center for International Studies of M.I.T.

EXISTENTIAL PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Hazel E. Barnes. Philosophical Library. $4.75. Two essays, "Existential Psychology" and "Bad Faith," both from M. Sartre's larger work "Being and Nothingness." They deal with man as an entity and in relation with his environment.

THE GLASS OF FASHION. By Cecil Beaton. Doubleday & Co. $5. Mr. Beaton, who somehow got born into this century instead of the eighteenth, has here produced a memoir, which starts back in the five-button days of Edward, and moves hautishly through the past fifty years of fashion, and such makers and buyers of it that Mr. Beaton has known as Lady Mendel, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Dior, Poiret, C. Vanderbilt, and so forth.

LOVE AND MRS. CANDY. By Robert Tallant. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A sequel to the author's novel "Mrs. Candy and Saturday Night" (1947). Mrs. C. is the owner of a New Orleans boarding house, and the book involves her offices as kind-heart, cupid, wife, and lover of the Gambrinian brew.

UNSEEN LIFE OF NEW YORK CITY. By William Beebe. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.50. A natural history of the island of Manhattan by the Elder Statesman of American Naturalists. Mr. Beebe here takes us back to the days when mammoths heaved up Fifth Avenue and wolves pierced the night, and rounds things off with a report of the teeming, though tiny, animal, and insect life that may still be found today in Central Park.

THE VANISHING IRISH. Edited by Father John O'Brien. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. A collection of essays by such writers as Kathleen Norris, Sean O'Faolain, and Arland Ussher, dealing with the gloomy fact that the Irish, both home and abroad, *are a slowly dwindling race.*

THE WHITEOAK BROTHERS: Jalna—1923. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Another novel in this series about a Canadian family, and its estate, Jalna. This one is set in 1923, and involves Eden, Renny, Meg, Piers, and others.

WONDERS OF MODERN MEDICINE. By Steven M. Spencer. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. Twenty chapters for the layman on the last decade or so of the medical world, taken from twenty-five articles originally published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The author is an associate editor of that magazine. —W.B.

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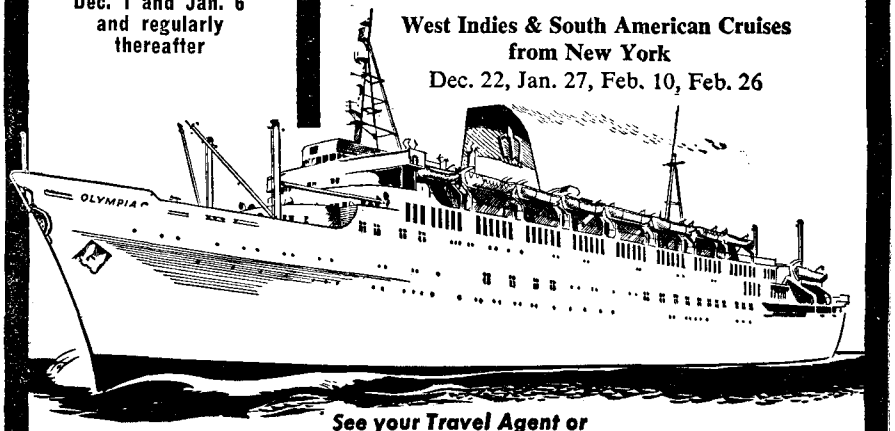

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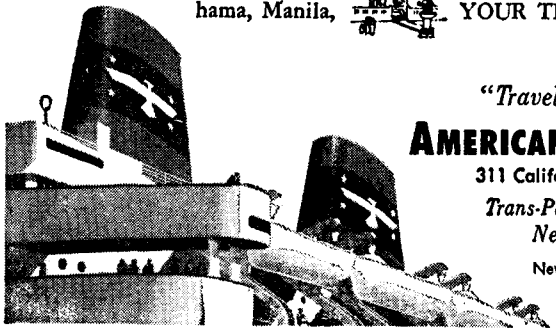

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 27

with my father. His eyes dwelt on Sido." Still she gives us a vivid picture of him, too, lively, one-legged, late of the First Zouaves, very Latin in temperament. Older than the volatile Sido, he was devotion itself. "Her faithful husband" . . . "a cultivated man," and, as Sido says, "incorrigibly gay." We see them all clearly, but Sido dominates, commanding her daughter's attention and admiration here, as she did in life. A warm and wise woman who could say at seventy, "At my age, there is only one virtue, not to make people unhappy." She once called little Colette her masterpiece, her "chef-d'oeuvre"; and Colette can return the compliment, for she is one of her daughter's most vigorous, appealing creations. Theirs was a mutual admiration, respect, and pride.

A FEW of the chapters in my French edition of "La Maison de Claudine" have been omitted here. They are mostly chapters about pets. This is not a bad excision. It makes for unity and, as Roger Senhouse says in his informative introduction, "Since these extra pieces have no reference to Sido, they have been omitted—one final liberty. The number here included corresponds to that in the original French edition and Sido reigns supreme." Two or three sketches about Colette's own daughter, whom she calls Bel Gazou, *are* here, carrying on the mother-daughter theme. But Sido is definitely our prima donna. She comes alive, bringing all the sight and sound of Saint Sauveur with her. There is a wonderfully human, heartening quality about these books that makes them good reading in a disillusioned world full of disillusioned prose.

Granted that it is difficult to translate Colette (and it is!) I cannot say much for this translation. (We may have been spoiled recently by the admirable English versions of Gide and Proust.) The first here is by Una Troubridge and Enid McLeod; the second by Enid McLeod alone. It is not bad work exactly, but it is not good either and therefore not worthy of the original. Colette's art is built on the *mot juste*; that is a touchstone I do not find here. Her wide vocabulary, her accurate knowledge of flora and fauna put the translator, however fluent, to great trouble, but the search pays. Here I deplore things like *burgher's house* for *une maison bourgeoise de vieux village*. Sido in a burgher's house? No burgher, she! The Bonnarjaud family, said to live in *un petit chateau*, here inhabit "a small castle." Colette at nine ejaculating, "*Dame, Maman!*" is made to say "Hang it all!" (Maybe she would in England, but nowhere else.) Worst of all, however, are the literal sentences, the words all found quite correctly in the dictionary, but without Colette's music . . . "I would toss my head with its fair plaits, a forehead too high to look amiable and a little marble of a chin and let fall my censure." I put down other examples that sounded neither quite like English nor yet like Colette to me—but then I know I am captious, being a great admirer of her style. (There are Colette-ites, as there are Jane-ites.) Read this in French if possible, is my advice. Read it in English if you have to. But don't miss it.

Notes

RUSKIN IN DECEMBER: To the strange love-life of John Ruskin, the great critic, which has been exposed in recent years a new episode can now be added. When he was almost seventy he met a young art student and immediately offered to be her teacher and mentor. With her ingenuous youth and his august fame their friendship and correspondence flourished. But innocence on his side could not continue. In a letter from Italy he wrote: "And you *will* be happy with me, while yet I live—for it was only love that I wanted to keep me sane—in all things—I am as pure —except in thought—as you are—but it is *terrible* for any creature of my temper to have no wife—one cannot but go mad." The startled girl told her mother, of course; and abruptly the friendship and correspondence ended.

Now sixty-five years later Kathleen (Olander) Prynne has allowed the Ruskin letters to be published as **"The Gulf of Years"** (Macmillan, $2.25). Her neat, primly written commentary along with his anxiously tremulous letters unfolds a story with the clear intensity of a paper-weight snowstorm—even to the end, a few years after the friendship, when she visited the Lake Country near where he lived, a mental invalid cared for by a watchful cousin, and she called at his door but was refused admittance. Going around to the garden she saw him through the window in a chair. "I kissed my hand to him," she writes, "but he never saw me. Nor did we ever meet again." Efficiently edited by Rayner Unwin, the letters themselves are no great thing, but their story is a design for a subtle novel.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Where Success Begins

Continued from page 16

uninterrupted continuity of intellectual distinction.

In other areas family connections proved distinctly helpful. Take the armed services. Stephen Decatur, Robert E. Lee, and Douglas MacArthur had the good fortune to be the sons of men who had distinguished themselves in either the naval or the military forces. A substantial majority of those embarking upon careers in business benefited from the initial boost from their families. Only four out of the eighteen top businessmen selected rose from poverty. Most of the business leaders came from the "upper" or "upper middle" class and were the sons of established and successful businessmen. Using a larger sample, C. Wright Mills has demonstrated that the percentage of the business elite who rose from the "lower" or the "lower middle" classes showed a marked decline during the second half of the nineteenth century.

In the profession of the law a wealthy or well-connected family has almost invariably been a sine qua non of success. Only two out of the twenty jurists and lawyers on the list rose from poverty—Cooley and Miller. Others were literally born and bred to the law. Chief Justice White's father and grandfather were judges before him. Associate Justice Waite's father was chief justice of Connecticut, and William Howard Taft was of the third generation in his family to follow the law. Both father and grandfather had served on the bench.

Of course, there had to be a first. Someone had to start the transmission belt moving. In the solid Quincy ancestors of John Adams there was little to explain the genius of that Revolutionary patriot. In a quite different field, John D. Rockefeller's ancestry held little promise of special distinction. In fact, his father, an itinerant salesman of patent medicine and of dubious repute, possessed the flashy and undependable traits almost invariably associated with business failures.

WHATEVER head start the majority secured at birth and in early rearing was comfortably maintained by exposure to education or technical training beyond the grade-school level. In all, 199 notables out of the "300" enjoyed the advantages of a college or professional school training (including attendance at West Point or the Naval Academy). Of those who went to college 157 carried on to graduation. Some, like Brandeis at Harvard

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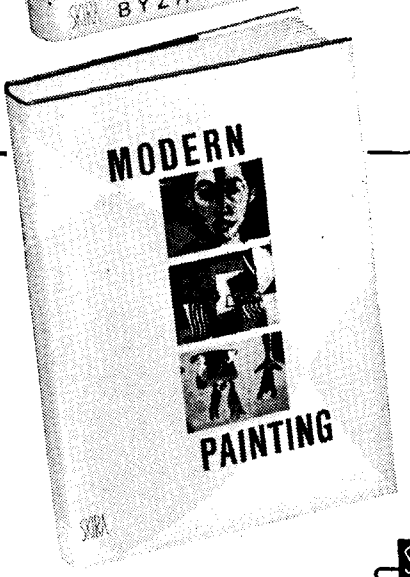

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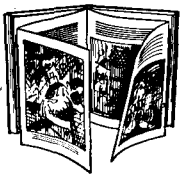

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Law School and Douglas MacArthur at West Point, scored outstanding scholastic records. But generally there seems to be no close correlation between very high scholastic grades and top-level achievement among members of this group. FDR, to cite one instance, compiled a pretty mediocre record at the Columbia Law School. A few were signally unsuccessful at college. James Fenimore Cooper was expelled from Yale, Frémont from the College of Charleston, Whistler from West Point, and Mark Hanna from Western Reserve, while Poe left the University of Virginia after one term because of gambling debts.

Since the majority of the notable men who made this list secured their initial thrust from family background and connections, one would naturally expect that "the second sex," which throughout most of American history lived under the shadow of what Blackstone delicately described as a "defect of sex," would need wealth, education, or family encouragement to carve out successful careers outside the home in defiance of prevailing mores. Consider the backgrounds of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, two women who are representative of the feminine contingent among the "300." The former was the daughter and sister of two of the most famous preachers in American history; the latter's father had been a member of Congress and then served on the bench. Even Mary Lyon, orphaned early in life, came from a family that could not be counted especially poor. Only Mary Baker Eddy, whose father was a marginal New England farmer, and Dorothea Dix, who found life intolerable at home with her physician father and was forced to earn her own living at the age of fourteen, were actually handicapped by their family backgrounds. The lack of opportunities for professional advancement or for entry upon business careers in earlier days explains the fact that only sixteen women (barely 5 per cent of the total) made the list of "300."

The image of the barefoot farm lad who achieved fame and fortune dies hard. In fact, a majority of the "300" did come from rural backgrounds. William Holmes McGuffey, renowned for his school readers, grew up among pioneer homesteaders, and the elder La Follette knew the hard labor as well as the poverty of the frontier. And there were still others. However, an impressive minority, 132 in all, or 44 per cent of the total, came from urban or suburban areas. Considering the fact that as late as 1900, by which date virtually all of our celebrities had been born, only 32.9 per cent of the population of the United States lived in towns of eight thousand or more, it is evident that the city boy has pretty generally held the edge over his country cousin.

The saga of the American immigrant is a many-told tale of both triumph and heartbreak. Despite conspicuous exceptions, however, first-generation immigrants to this country have found the highest peaks of fame almost insurmountable. Not counting the first generation of settlers to the colonies, only thirty-one naturalized citizens made the list of the "300." Of these only five came directly from Southern or Eastern Europe. The rest emigrated from Northern and Western Europe or from the New World possessions of Great Britain or France. The fact that substantial immigration from the former areas did not begin until the 1880's goes a long way to explain this seeming disparity. The group from Southern and Eastern Europe (Michelson, Pulitzer, Tesla, Rabi, and Zworykin) make up in quality for their paucity of numbers.

IN SHORT, the popular success formula is buttressed by evidence from the careers of an impressive minority of our leaders in politics, business, and culture—these men and women who rose from humble origins and in a few cases overcame serious physical handicaps to achieve greatness. The record of these self-made Americans (eighty-four in number) demonstrates that at no time in American history has the door of opportunity been closed to persons of genuine talent and dedicated purpose. Included among them are three who had been slaves or descendants of slaves, one immigrant boy, Alexander Hamilton, who as a youth suffered the double stigma of illegitimacy and poverty, and at least two others, General Frémont and Edwin Booth, born out of wedlock.

In some lives myth and reality merged. William Lloyd Garrison's father was a drunken sea-captain who deserted his family; William Dean Howell's a migratory, ill-paid anti-slavery journalist; Tom Paine's a poor corset-maker. Poe's mother was an actress who died in extreme poverty. Josiah Royce's family were true pioneers who underwent extreme hardships in crossing the Carson Desert in the '49 Gold Rush. Others who rose from poverty include Isaiah Thomas, Joseph Henry, Dwight L. Moody, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, William Gilmore Simms, Brigham Young, Thaddeus Stevens, William Graham Sumner, Robert M. La Follette, and Theobald Smith.

A few made notable achievements

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in the face of severe physical handicaps. The historian Prescott was virtually blind. Edison was deaf. James J. Hill lost the sight of one eye. Horace Mann and Stephen Crane were victims of tuberculosis. Parkman had a series of nervous breakdowns. Thaddeus Stevens was lame, and FDR was stricken with crippling polio in the prime of life.

Other questions about the success pattern in American history are raised by studying the careers of the "300." Does the fact that the heaviest concentration of notable Americans is found between 1825 and 1900 suggest that the era of great individual achievement has passed? The astonishing increase in the last half century in the number of American corporations with assets over one billion dollars combined with the growing necessity for carrying on research in science and technology along cooperative and institutional lines together lend some support to a thesis that is still difficult to document. If there are any discernible recent trends they may be found in fields like politics and religion, where there is an apparent decline in conspicuous individual achievement (thirteen out of the fourteen religious leaders made their principal contributions before 1901), and in science, which is top-heavy with recent and contemporary figures.

The list underscores the decline of versatility and the growing trend toward specialization. The bulk of those who made signal contributions to more than one field (Franklin, Jefferson, Samuel F. B. Morse, Audubon, Frémont) belonged to an era when it seemed feasible for a man to acquire an encyclopedic mastery of several disciplines. Today most of the intellectual disciplines are far more exacting and much more complex. With the conspicuous exceptions of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, most of the notable Americans since 1850 have been specialists lacking that

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Faust" (Goethe). 2. "Typee" (Melville). 3. "Walden" (Thoreau). 4. "Villette" (Brontë). 5. "Caravan" (Galsworthy). 6. "Drums" (Boyd). 7. "Jurgen" (Cabell). 8. "The Spy" (Cooper). 9. "Rome Haul" (Edmonds). 10. "Light in August" (Faulkner). 11. "Dodsworth" (Lewis). 12. "Enough Rope" (Parker). 13. "Arundel" (Kenneth Roberts). 14. "Roman Bartholow" (Robinson). 15. "Our Town" (Wilder). 16. "The Jungle Books" (Kipling). 17. "Chance" (Conrad). 18. "Mountain Interval" (Frost). 19. "Giant" (Ferber). 20. "The Happy Prince" (Wilde).

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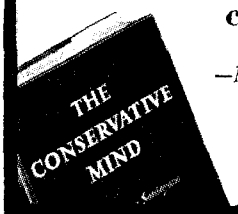
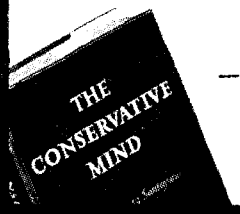


"A landmark in contemporary thinking"
—*Saturday Review*



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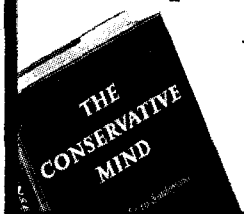
—*Fortune*



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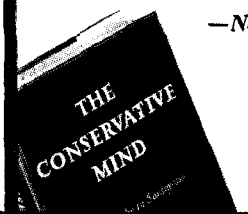

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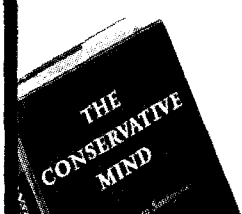

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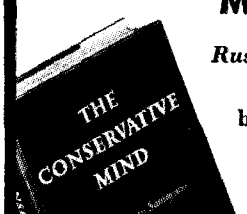

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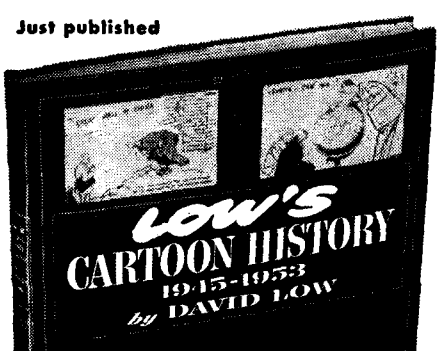

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broad grasp of the humanities which characterized the great figures of our early history.

Any gleanings from this statistical harvest must be scrutinized most carefully. Because statistics deal with averages and ignore the exceptional, while this analysis is based on the careers of exceptional Americans, a word of caution should be injected at this point. Perhaps in our mind's eye we are ready to envisage a composite notable American, a product of laboratory synthesis who possesses all the necessary attributes of success—is native born, well-connected financially, socially, and culturally, and enjoys the advantages of college or professional training. But he would be a creature of statistics lacking flesh and blood, brain and nerve fibre. Unless he possessed that x quality, a mysterious concentrate of personality, talent, and self-dedication, he would—despite fortunate birth and rearing—have little chance of reaching the topmost level of achievement. There is still room on the upper rungs of the ladder for the barefoot boy with straw in his hair.

E Pluribus 300

EDITOR'S NOTE: Below is the list of 300 notable Americans taken from the "Encyclopedia of American History." All Presidents are included even though some did not achieve greatness but had it thrust upon them by virtue of office. The listings by major fields of activity are admittedly arbitrary. For example, George C. Marshall, as Secretary of State and sponsor of the Marshall Plan, is listed under the statesmen, but no competent person would have the temerity to challenge his right to appear among the great military figures as well.

THE PRESIDENTS (33)

JURISTS AND LAWYERS (20)

Louis D. Brandeis
Benjamin N. Cardozo
Salmon P. Chase
Thomas M. Cooley
William Maxwell Evarts
David Dudley Field
Stephen J. Field
John M. Harlan
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.
Charles E. Hughes
John Jay
James Kent
Edward Livingston
John Marshall
Samuel Freeman Miller
Lemuel Shaw
Joseph Story
Roger B. Taney
Morrison R. Waite
Edward D. White

STATESMEN (33)

Charles Francis Adams
Samuel Adams
Stephen F. Austin
James G. Blaine
William Bradford
William Jennings Bryan
Aaron Burr
John C. Calhoun
Henry Clay
De Witt Clinton
Jefferson Davis
Stephen A. Douglas
Hamilton Fish
Benjamin Franklin
Albert Gallatin
Alexander Hamilton
John Hancock
John Hay
Patrick Henry
Sam Houston
Robert La Follette
George C. Marshall
George Norris
Elihu Root
Carl Schurz
William H. Seward
Alexander H. Stephens
Thaddeus Stevens
Adlai E. Stevenson
Henry L. Stimson
Charles Sumner
Daniel Webster
John Winthrop

MILITARY AND NAVAL FIGURES (18)

Stephen Decatur
George Dewey
David G. Farragut
Nathanael Greene
Thomas J. Jackson
Joseph E. Johnston
John Paul Jones
Robert E. Lee
Douglas MacArthur
Alfred T. Mahan
Francis Marion
William Mitchell
John J. Pershing
Matthew G. Perry
Oliver Hazard Perry
Winfield Scott
William T. Sherman
George H. Thomas

BELLES LETTRES, PHILOSOPHY, AND SOCIAL SCIENCES (40)

Henry Adams
Louisa May Alcott

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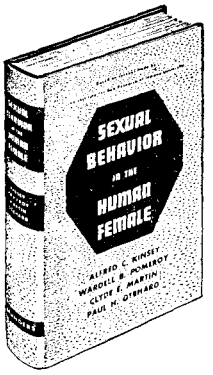
George Bancroft
Willa Cather
Samuel L. Clemens
James Fenimore Cooper
Stephen Crane
John Dewey
Emily Dickinson
Theodore Dreiser
Ralph Waldo Emerson
William Faulkner
Robert Frost
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Ernest Hemingway
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.
William Dean Howells
Washington Irving
Henry James
William James
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
James Russell Lowell
Herman Melville
John Lothrop Motley
Thomas Paine
Francis Parkman
Charles S. Peirce
Edgar Allan Poe
William H. Prescott
Edwin Arlington Robinson
Josiah Royce
William Gilmore Simms
Harriet Beecher Stowe
William Graham Sumner
Henry D. Thoreau
Thorstein Veblen
Lester Frank Ward
Noah Webster
Walt Whitman
John G. Whittier

ARTISTS (13)
John J. Audubon
George W. Bellows
John S. Copley
Thomas Eakins
Winslow Homer
George Inness
John La Farge
John Marin
Thomas Nast
Albert P. Ryder
Augustus Saint-Gaudens
Gilbert Stuart
James A. M. Whistler

ARCHITECTS (6)
Charles Bulfinch
Benjamin H. Latrobe
Frederick Law Olmsted
Henry H. Richardson
Louis J. Sullivan
Frank Lloyd Wright

THEATER AND ALLIED ARTS (6)
Phineas T. Barnum
Edwin Booth
Charlotte Cushman
Edwin Forrest
David W. Griffith
Eugene O'Neill

MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS (4)
Stephen C. Foster
George Gershwin



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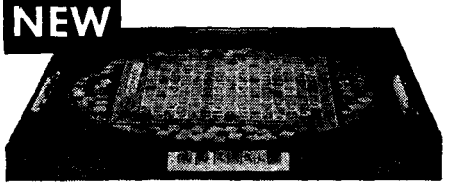

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Nicholas Biddle

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
PRESCRIPTION: MURDER *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Lovelorn lady doc. falls for dough-mad slicker; autopsies include cat.	Heroine bit of sap; other characters closer to reality; early tension slackens.	Swell opportunity missed
THE NAKED ANGEL *Jack Webb* (Rinehart: $2.50)	So. Cal. priest, Jewish cop, collaborate again as blood flows from assorted bad eggs.	Little too much atmosphere, but story also has motion, action.	Rates plus mark
THE DEMON WITHIN *Brook Hastings* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Todd Mundy, So. Cal. criminologist, heeds child's pleas, hits trail for justice.	Somewhat spotty, but Q&A technique is lively at times.	More frills than thrills
REHEARSAL FOR THE FUNERAL *Eli Colter* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Titular groom - victim of pre-altar slaughter; Calif. authorities aroused.	Poison pills, lethal missiles, fail to instil excitement into this number.	Nope
THE GOLDEN SPIDERS *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	Nero Wolfe, armchair eye, solves three-ply killing while NY cops grind teeth.	Archie Goodwin, aide, busy boy in this baffler; usual smooth job.	Hits the head pin
THE QUEEN'S AWARDS *Ed. by Ellery Queen* (Little Brown: $3)	Sixteen yarns make up this eighth series of prize-winning chillers.	Usual variety in theme, treatment, setting, length.	Top of the barrel

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

ial, and the epitaph the family chose for him.

This story will have unusual interest for all who know the region, for the place names are actual. Oklahoma has seldom produced a novel of such distinction.

Notes

TROUBLED TUTOR: James Wellard's **"Summer at the Castle"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.50) deserves the immediate attention of readers in search of superior entertainment. It is intelligent, suspensive, and moving; a political novel that is also a love story; a book that lays hold of the heart and mind after, as well as during, its hours of anguish and enchantment.

The chief character is Julian Ward, a British Air Force liaison officer attached to a bacteriological laboratory dedicated to the idea of victory by virus. In a crisis of conscience Julian leaves his post and somehow manages to get to Italy where, through the help of his mother, he assumes the duties of tutor to the children of her old friend, the Baroness Sorano. In the ancient castle at Palo, set in the tomb country of the Etruscans, Julian finds a temporary refuge but little peace.

In the first place, he has nagging memories of his passionate but ill-fated romance with Isabel Meade, wife of one of his officer friends. Then there is the amber-eyed Mila, daughter of his employers, "a little Vesuvius" that steams along his veins, promising rapture and trouble in equal measure. The Baron Sorano, an "honest" fraud in the antiquarian business, wants him to take a hand in regulating the love-lives of his older children; and the Baron's Machiavellian curator, Dr. Micali (member of a communist ring of agents), hopes to outwit and outwait all competitors in the lively game for Mila's charms. On top of all this is Julian's hourly expectation of arrest, trial, and sentence as a traitor.

Julian's final discovery is not new, namely, that every man's conscience is his castle, but the route he travels to reach it is diverting and dramatic. He is veddy English at times (amusingly so, too), human in his frailties, and human in his tragic triumph. He is worth knowing. —CHARLES LEE.

TRAIN TRIP HOME: That classic impetus to authorship—a miserable childhood—plays the leading role in Cornelia Jessey's third novel, **"The Treasures of Darkness"** (Noonday Press, $3.50). The tale, set in the early war years, is told by forty-year-old Helena Slowacki Honey. Although Miss Honey is no spinster (she appears to have roistered through more illicit adventures than Don Giovanni) the reader

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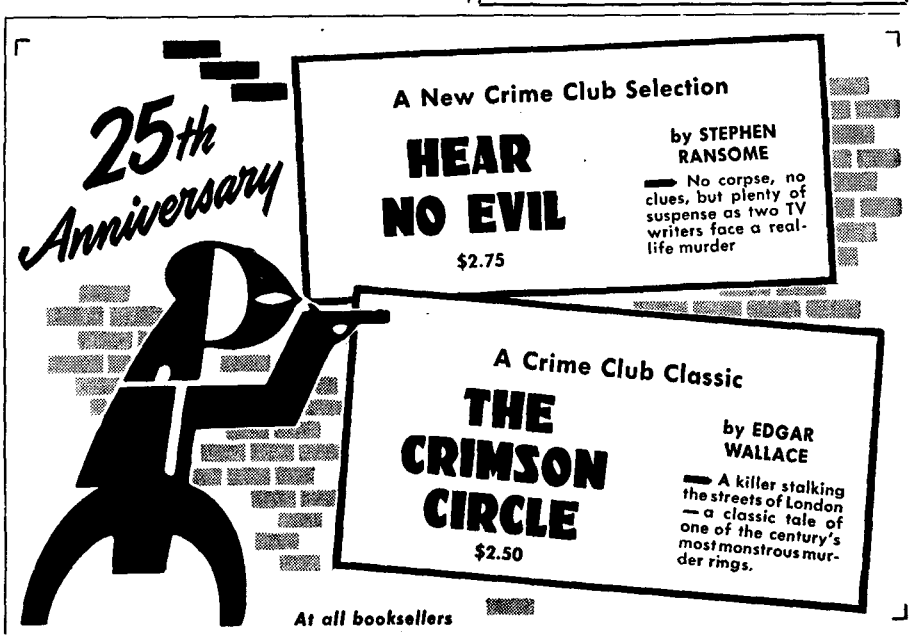
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is favored with hardly any of her self-styled prowess in venery. All that might have been tragic, passionate, or shocking is relegated to a pale, but interminable, series of flashbacks. The plot is confined to a train journey, taken by Helena and her sister Henrietta, from San Francisco to their home town, Deniza, Arizona. The reader is led to believe that their father, Jud, has murdered Clementina, their mother. Just before we pull into Deniza Helena lets fall an important bit of news. Moreover, it happens to be the solitary event in the book. Helena confesses that she, not her father, has stifled her dam with a sofa pillow. After three hundred pages of blurry scenes of adolescent resentment and a torturous spate of self-justification Miss Jessey's denouement is not only welcome, it is a reprieve.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

CONFESSIONAL CRUISE: In **"Mandrake Root"** (Dial, $3) Frederic Wakeman sets out to explore the moderately unhappy marriage of Roger and Emily Stratton. Stratton and his wife enter into a pact to dredge up completely their past histories, and to make thorough confessions to one another of all past indiscretions. An idyllic background for this homemade psychiatry is provided by the fact that it takes place on a small sailing boat, during a cruise in the Caribbean. The nautical atmosphere serves the reader as a cooling antidote for some of the tempestuous revelations that churn the Stratton menage.

Stratton's case history does not overly disturb his wife, but her extensive and halting confession overwhelms him completely. He had intended to use their confidences as the basis for a novel as well as for a happier marriage. But when the novel has been written, Emily adds a postscript of infidelity that seems temporarily to destroy the validity of both the book and their union—though Mr. Wakeman does end his novel on a hopeful note of reconstruction. The nuances of deceit in Emily's recital

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make one speculate, with Mr. Wakeman, as to the veracity of Dr. Kinsey's clients. Lies, he suggests, can become so imbedded that one regards them as truth. He finds the method of psychiatry likewise open to doubt: it gives a nomenclature to, rather than an explanation of, moral lapses.

Though "Mandrake Root" is rewarding in its insights, it is not entirely successful as a novel. One finds himself agreeing with Mr. Wakeman's implication that Dr. Kinsey's statistical approach is an inadequate measure of personality. But it is also an inadequate structure for a novel, the nature of which should be action, and not a catalogue of mischief.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

ROGUES' GALLERY: Those who have had the good fortune to have read M. K. Argus's book of reminiscences, "Moscow on the Hudson," will know him for an author of uncommon wit, urbanity, and charm. In **"A Rogue with Ease"** (Harper, $2.75) Mr. Argus has employed his gifts in the concoction of an hilarious little novel, every page of which is a sheer, unadulterated delight to read. It is hard to believe that English is not Mr. Argus's native tongue; he uses the language with the subtle felicity of a Stephen Leacock.

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WANTED: Rear, quiet, sunny room, private bath; light kitchen privileges; small cultured family; by professional man. Reliable references offered. Midtown Manhattan, or, preferably, at Eastern Parkway, Museum section, Brooklyn, N.Y. Box R-365.

COLLEGE WOMAN, experienced historical research, art and editing, desires free-lance work. Box R-357.

MAN, thirtyish, refined, personable, unencumbered, seeks responsible position as confidential secretary, Man Friday, or what have you. Foreign travel preferred. Box R-359.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1026

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. In ballet dancing, a duet dance, in which the woman "flies slowly through the air aided by her partner."

B. Plant used in medicine, brewing, flavoring tobacco, confectionery, etc.

C. Gazing fixedly at water in a basin.

D. Lindbergh's middle name.

E. Enclosed shelter on aircraft for passengers or power plant.

F. Accept as equal to one's own (said of degrees from a foreign university).

G. Describing a position right in the middle, from two or more things.

H. Neighborhoods.

I. Unqualified; inefficient.

J. A girl reporter.

K. With "scribe" one of the most famous pieces of Ancient Egyptian painted limestone sculpture, now in the Louvre.

WORDS

64 26 138 41 70 163

164 145 170 53 84 30 185 96

142 58 156 49 100 46 153 166 119 27 182

155 45 117 177 2 65 184 169

114 159 79 168 29 181 48

160 141 92 43 59 108 120 88 33 91 15 85

122 44 179 143 86 32 7 115 66 76 95

112 147 186 34 10 40 71 11 154 173

165 36 146 94 174 135 121 20 38

172 132 87 12 150 28 98 25 13

158 61 148 31 17 107

DEFINITIONS

L. Little creature whose non-existent "wool" our ancestors called asbestos.

M. Science of maneuvering troops, etc.

N. Self-possession.

O. Fawned upon with sycophancy.

P. An abstract.

Q. Well done! Bravo!

R. Ancient Egyptian city sacred to Ptah; modern, Tennessee's largest.

S. Spanish for plowed land, used in U.S. SW.

T. Familiar title of Rembrandt's painting "Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company" (2 wds.).

U. Specifying a player in a sport, arbitrarily placed in a tournament schedule.

V. British physicist (1850-1925) who first identified the ionosphere.

W. Line on a weather map tying together places of equal rainfall.

X. "Race" in which the contestants pick up small objects one by one and place them in a receptacle.

WORDS

103 116 127 35 8 83 124 189 137 18

157 113 60 93 123 73 183

110 82 69 178 39 56

104 14 9 161 175 118 139

6 162 133 47 80 16 190

109 90 77 51 126 134 101

50 106 81 140 63 128 78

102 52 1 111 75

149 74 125 105 62 37 4 89 176 151

54 130 187 23 19 136

131 24 22 129 72 180 167 191 55

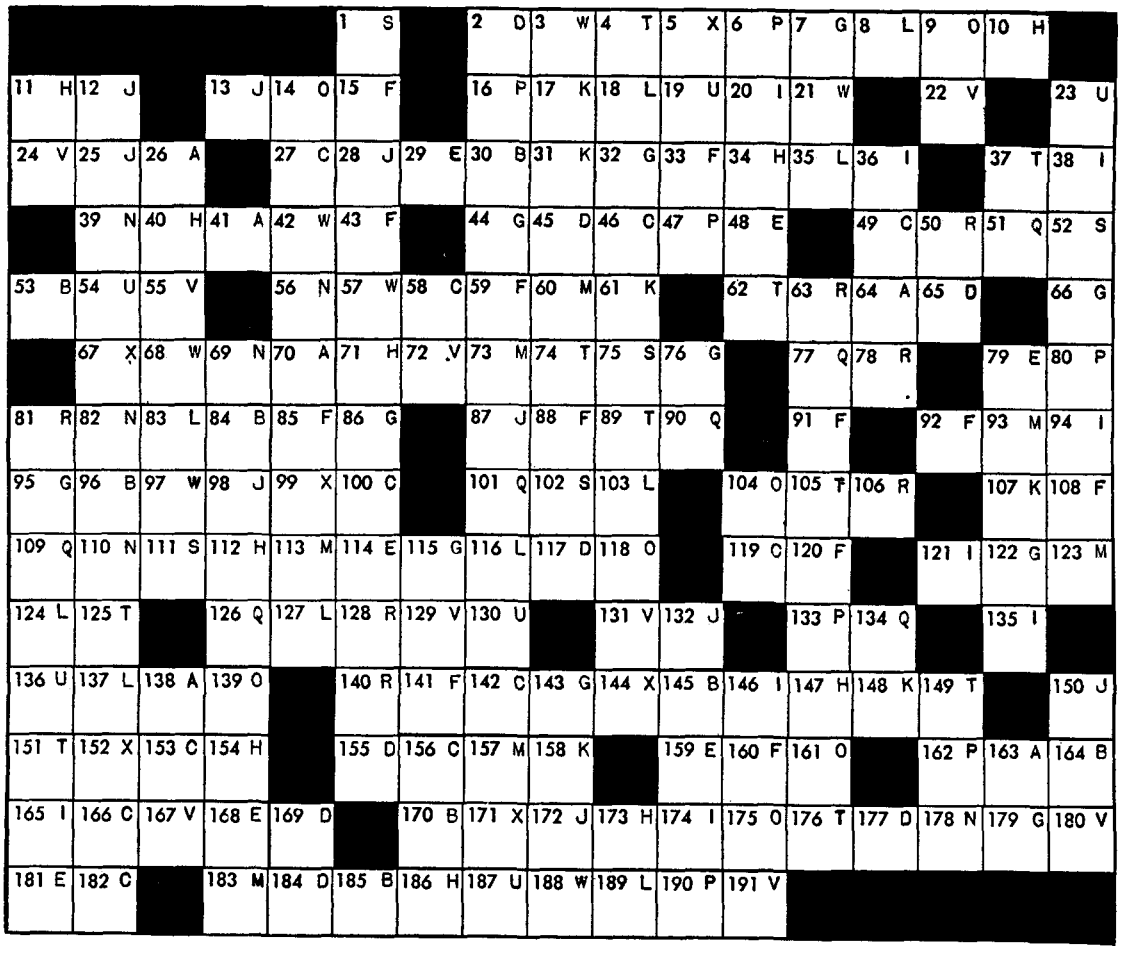
57 97 68 42 21 188 3

67 171 5 99 144 152

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 72 of this issue.

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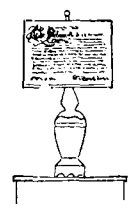
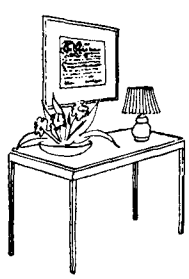
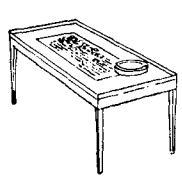
INDENTURES, Wills, Marriage Settlements, Leases, Mortgages and Other Antiquated Public Records Discovered in England, Dating From 1600 to 1860, 98% over a 100 years old. Every One on Genuine Parchment Made from the Skin of Sheep. Writ by Hand, With Brilliantly Colored Seals, etc., Many With Ornate, Emblazoned Initials and Crests. We Will Send You up to THREE of These Manuscripts On Approval. Keep As Many as You Like For Only TEN DOLLARS Each, Returning the Rest. This Offer Limited to the Number of Documents on Hand.



Used as lampshades, antique parchment gives a soft, delicate amber glow.



Framed, documents lend distinction to both traditional and modern settings.



Place under glass top to make your own distinctive "table of the year."

Here is a unique opportunity for you to examine—*without charge, in your own home*—a collection of rare and beautiful manuscript documents! Wills, Leases, Testaments, Hindrances, Indentures, Deeds, Marriage Settlements, Mortgages, and a variety of other public records make up this remarkable collection. They were discovered in and brought from England with the permission of the British Government. Documents from this collection are in various British Museums and Archives. All are in an excellent state of preservation, written on imperishable parchment. They are so beautifully and clearly written that anyone can read their fascinating inscriptions, including signatures and notarizations.

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